

THE WAR CRY

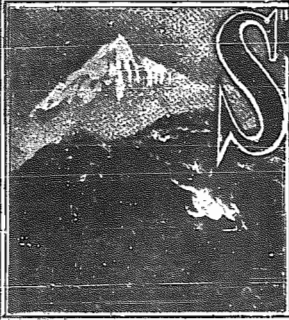
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE BLOOD AND FIRE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH, GENERAL.
T.B. COOMBS, COMMISSIONER.

22nd Year. No. 44.

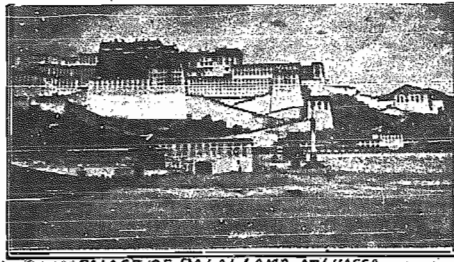
TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1906

Price 2 Cents.



THE WALL OF THIBET - ENORMOUS PEAKS CAPPED WITH ETERNAL SNOW.

SCENES IN THE FORBIDDEN COUNTRY, THIBET.



PALACE OF DALAI LAMA AT LHASA



CHURNING TEA.



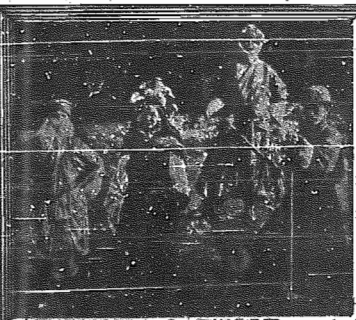
A LAMA



THIBETAN PRAYER WHEEL



SOME INHABITANTS OF THIBET.



DANCERS OF THIBET.



A WOMAN OF THIBET.



BUDDHIST PRIESTS WITH COPPER DRUMS, TRUMPETS, ETC.

GREAT THINGS.

God's heart is great,

But not more great than strong, and not more strong than tender;

Of every blessing worth the having He is the sender. That heart of His waits true to every human sorrow;

And therefore I may trust Him for the morrow.

God's hand is great,

But not more great than rich, and not less rich for giving;

The life of asking and of taking is worth living. My life is poor. My need is great, and always growing;

But then

My Father's hand is overflowing.

God's home is great,

But not more great than glad, and not more glad than holy;

Where God abides there is no room for melancholy. My Father, wilt Thou take my hand that I may wander—never.

And make

My heart Thy home for ever?

—Sel.

The Kaffir Girl's Testimony.

It was evening, and the busy streets of Cape Town were quiet after the day's hustling. Faintly over the gentle breeze comes the sound of a song. A young man, feeling downhearted, heard the sweet voices coming down the main street of the city, until they arrived within a few yards of where he was sitting on the jetty, meditating whether life was worth living, as he had had nothing to eat for five days.

Another song started. The young fellow thought he would get up and listen—it would drown his thoughts for a few minutes. The song went on; testimonies to the saving and keeping power of Jesus were called for by the officers. A black girl, in an Army bonnet, stepped into the ring and told of Jesus; how He had saved her black soul and made it white through His own blood, and how just now he was keeping it white, and she was there because Jesus was supplying all her wants, feeding her body and satisfying her soul. More songs and testimonies followed, in English, Dutch, and Kaffir, until the band of Salvationists marched off, and the young man went back to the jetty to fall into another deep reverie, from which he awoke when the cold night set in.

He managed to get some food and money, and soon quieted his conscience in the saloon, but to day that same young man remembers that Kaffir girl and the meeting held on the jetty, and can call her sister, because he is now in this great Army composed of all classes and colors of people.—Fred Willis.

FULFILLED PROPHECY.

A traveler in a railway carriage attempted to divert some young men who were journeying with him by throwing ridicule on the Scriptures, and showing his own hostility to them.

"Whoever heard of such nonsense," he said, "as a hand suddenly appearing on a wall and writing judgment against a harmless king? As to the prophecies," he added, "they were all written after the events took place."

A clergyman in the carriage, hitherto silent, now spoke.

"Sir," he said, "I must beg leave to mention one remarkable exception to your statement. There is a prophecy in the Bible which says, 'Know this first, that there shall come in the latter days scoffers.' (2 Peter iii. 3.)"

NEGLECTING SALVATION.

Simply "neglect this great salvation" and you will make your everlasting ruin sure.

Many foolish, faithless parents have stood by the grave of a child which they dug with their own hands. How? Did they administer slow poison, or strike an assassin-knife through the young heart? No! But they killed their child just as surely—by simple neglect of the first laws of health.

Many a father, too, has wrung his hands in agony before a prison-cell which held a ruined son, or over the letter which told of a son's disgrace, and on whose very hands rested the guilt of that son's ruin. Why? Had they led that son into Sabbath-breaking, or theft, or profligacy? No! But they had let the youth alone, and left him to rush into them unrestrained.

Neglect was the boy's ruin. There is no need that the man in a skiff amid Niagara's rapids should row towards the cataract; resting on his oars is quite enough to send him over the awful verge.—Dr. Cuyler.

PRAYED FOR YEARS.

The prophet of old was right when he said, "There is nothing too hard for Thee." (Jer. xxxiii. 17.)

On a recent Saturday night a young man, who had been attending our meetings for some years without being saved, and who often was the subject of our prayers, got deeply convicted, and came to the mercy seat, where he cried for mercy. He got properly saved, and is still testifying to that fact.

Another capture was made on Sunday night, when a soldier's wife came to Jesus to be healed of her sin. She, too, was forgiven and set at liberty.—C. W. Darker.

Hidden Treasure.

All great discoveries are the outcome of individual research. A solitary pioneer after untold hardships finds gold, a tiny piece maybe, and on the desert spot a town springs up. A scientist, plodding year after year, gives to the world a discovery through which thousands are spared pain and suffering.

It is even so with the Word of God, dry, barren it may appear to you, hard to read, and harder to understand; but when you find the vein of gold you will never rest till you find the next, and the next, for finding of treasure creates a longing after treasure. These jewels buried in God's Word are living bread to meet your every need. Read what the finding of a treasure did for two women-officers.

"I looked across the shabby little room one Sunday at my Lieutenant. She looked tired, and I felt tired. We had been stationed at a little hard corps for three months. Three months of great discouragement and darkness. We had toiled and labored, but without any visible results. Each in our heart had thoughts of going home; surely we had mistaken our calling. 'Let us read, Lieutenant,' I abruptly remarked, longing to help her and myself. The Bible lay open at Luke v. The fifth verse seemed to stand out apart, 'Master, we have toiled all night, and taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word I will again let down the net.' 'We have toiled all night,' I cried, 'but we will again let down the net.' We did, and the result was three seeking Christ. That was the beginning of many victories. When we farewelled, on the spot where we had stood with three to help us, we stood with fifty.

"The promise we had found and put our trust in was to us a treasure, for through it we had been kept faithful."—B. Firmin.

A MODERN MARTYR.

A Chinaman of some ability, one of our Christian people, had been preaching for some months in a village, until one day he was seized by the people, dragged away to a temple, and commanded to burn incense before an idol. When he positively refused they were enraged, and shouted that he must burn incense or die. Without hesitation he replied: "I will never again, as long as I live, burn incense to an idol. Kill me if you will, but I will never deny the Lord Jesus, who died for me."

They took him straightway to a steep precipice, where they cut off his head and threw his body into the stream below.—Letter from Hong-Kong, 1885.

MY BIBLE.

I prize my Bible. I think of it and put it in the same list as I do my home and my best friend. It is part of me. As I look at it now, and recall the journeys we have taken together, the storms we have encountered, the losses and crosses and failures and victories, I feel that it cannot be taken out of my life. Nothing will now divorce or separate me from it. In weal or woe it is eternally joined to me. Its warnings, promises, and lessons have woven themselves into the woof and web of my inner character.

In childhood, it was the first book I was permitted to see. In the slippery paths of youth its words held me from descending to the lower depths of sin. In the early days of manhood it was the chart by which I shaped the course of my life. And now it is the compass, by the rules of which I try to navigate my daily action across life's ocean. A precious, faithful, unerring guide when darkness covers the sky of my soul. A fountain of cool and satisfying drink in the burning desert of a busy life. A beacon light along the coast when affliction's waves obscure the landmarks of Divine Providence, and bereavement changes day into night. Such has been and will be my Bible.

My Familiar Friends.

I read it systematically, on the same principle, and for reasons similar to those which compel me to eat. I read it with interest. Its people are as familiar to me as my present-day friends. By means of the Bible I often have a word with Moses on his call to the command of the submerged of his time. Abraham's faith in his days is beyond my comprehension. I speak to him on the subject, and he to me. I often go up with David to the roof of his palace and sing and pray with him. Again and again I have dwelt with Solomon in Jerusalem, and helped him to build the temple. I chaff the enemies of the plain with Nehemiah. I fast with Daniel. I weep with Jeremiah. I join Ezekiel in his marches through the City of God, and say "Amen!" to his denunciations. How often have I gone to sea with Jonah! Alas! times without number. I sigh and prophesy with Hosea, and put on the uniform of John the Baptist. I mingle almost daily with the disciples; and as for Paul and Peter, they are my constant companions! John gets beyond my depths at times; but I lean upon his breast when he talks to me of love.

I carry out the Bible—feebly and imperfectly I admit—still, its spirit has caught hold of me, and put its commandments round my neck and dressed me in the robes of righteousness. I used to dream with my Bible in my hand. That day has gone. I fight now with the Bible in my heart. I used at one time to debate and discuss its inspiration. Thank God, that day has also gone by, for I am living under the conscious fulfilment of the prophecy spoken of by Joel that in "these days I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh." I was once a partial slave to its terrors and judgments, because of inward secret rebellion against its laws. That day has also fled, for all fear has been removed, pride dethroned, and in their place reign that of faith and simple obedience to the God of the Bible.

You will understand, therefore, how it is that I love and prize the Word of God, how your friend also?—A. S. O., in The Y. P.

"He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his shield."

"I am content with what I have,
Little be it, or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave
Because Thou savest such."

"Fulness to such a burden is
As go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age."

—From Bunyan.

THE FORBIDDEN COUNTRY.

*The Ways and Doings of Lamas—A Much-Praying People—
The Duty of Christians.*

Until the despatch of the British expedition to Lhasa, the Tibetan highlands were jealously guarded against foreigners, and very few penetrated far into the country and returned to tell the tale. It is to be hoped now, however, that this long-closed land will be thrown open to commerce and civilization, and that the blessed influences of Christianity will soon prevail against the degrading superstition and ignorance that exist there. The following graphic account of some curious rites and customs among the Tibetans is right up to date, being part of a communication to the Times, from a correspondent at Phigatze. The writer describes the journey of the Lama and his entry into the town with great minuteness, and then goes on to relate what takes place at the ceremony of the "Blessing," a leading feature of ecclesiastical functions in Tibet.

The Ceremony of the Blessing.

In a huge, dimly-lighted apartment, divided by rows of massive wooden columns and draped with painted silk and ancient hangings, the Lama sat enthroned. The floor was dense with sombre clad monks squatting on mats. On either side of the Lama were seated the officials of State, some clothed in dark maroon of the monasteries, others in the brilliant colors allowed to lay employment. The Lama sat immovable in the dusk of his gloomy chamber, his pale face barely visible under the shadow of the canopy that overhung the throne.

Silence was scarcely relieved by the coughing and shuffling of the waiting people, but at last there came a low rumbling voice chanting a prayer. From little more than a mutter it gradually rose and filled the air with resonant sound, then dropped to a whisper, then increased in volume, until one imagined in its tones all the deeps of a great cathedral organ. One long, sustained booming note—a rapid descent of the scale—and with a jerk the brief invocation ceased.

The Prime Minister Now Arose

and approached the throne, with bowed head, and a scarf upheld in both hands. The Lama took the proffered scarf and let his hand dwell for a moment on the head of the minister, who then backed clear and let his juniors come up one by one. When everybody official had been blessed, there followed in a long queue selected persons, representing foreign communities and visitors from distant parts. Of these we were first, and having been provided with silk scarves we advanced and bowed to the Lama, whose face remained absolutely immobile, eyes looking far away, with the unfathomable expression of an image of Buddha.

Following us came the Chinese residents, the Nepalese and Bhutanese Consuls, venerable, white-bearded merchants from Ladakh and Cashmir, and finally a detachment of long-haired and shaggy-clad men from the wilds of Chungtang and the distant barbarous valleys of Kham. All the Buddhists put their heads forward to be touched, but Mahomedans and Hindoos salaamed deeply.

The Common People Let in.

Thereafter the common people were let in, to the number of a thousand, and they scurried quickly past the throne, brushing their heads against a thick-silken tassel depending from a short stick which the Lama held in his hand. The blessing finished, the Lama retired, the assemblage standing up as he slowly left the chamber, supported by officials on either hand.

The Religion of Lamaism.

Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, is the sacred city of the Buddhists, and the centre of Lamaism, the religion which prevails throughout that country. The name of the city signifies the

"Seat of the Gods." The fundamental doctrines of Lamaism are those taught by Buddha about 450 years before the beginning of our era; but so much has been added to the original articles of belief in the course of centuries that Lamaism is really Buddhism corrupted by belief in Siva and other spirits whose existence Buddha did not acknowledge, while Lamaists worship them as gods. The central point of pure Buddhism is that deliverance on the part of man from all the evils and sorrows of life can be achieved here on earth by the practice of self-control, self-denial, and constant intellectual self-culture.

Clergy and Convents.

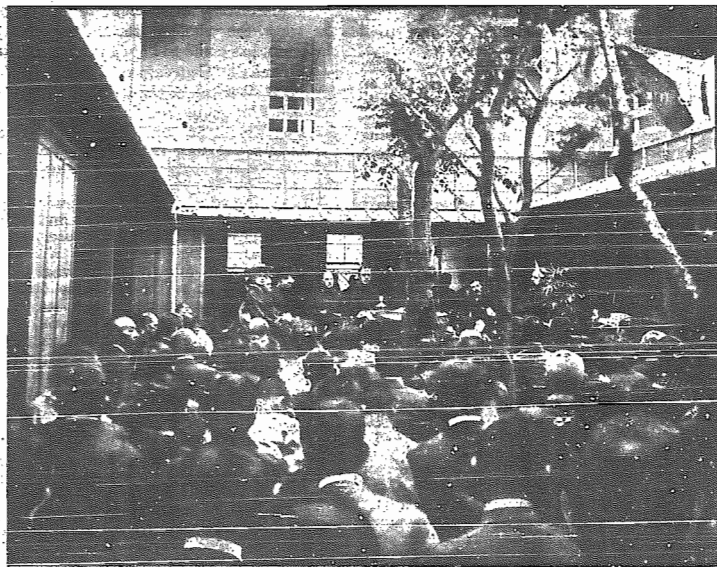
What must be regarded as the Lamaist clergy consists of four orders; and the lowest of these, having no claim to holiness on the

The Prayer-Wheel.

A description of the prayer wheel is as follows: It consists of a hollow, cylindrical copper bag, which revolves round a spindle, one end of which forms the handle. The cylinder is turned by means of a piece of copper attached to a string. A slight twist of the handle makes the cylinder revolve, and each revolution represents one repetition of the prayer; which is written on a scroll kept under the cylinder. The prayer wheels are all sizes, from that of a large barrel downwards, but those carried in the hand are generally four or six inches in height by about three inches in diameter, with a handle projecting about four inches below the bottom of the cylinder. The top of the cylinder was made large enough to allow the prayer to be taken out when required.

What are Christians Doing?

In view of the preceding facts, it will be interesting to know what Christian people are doing towards the evangelization of Tibet's eight millions of people. From the Methodist Magazine we cull the following:



The Opening Meeting of the T. H. at Tokio.

Colonel Bullard is seen in the centre, supported by his Staff and a number of influential Japanese gentlemen.

grounds of good works done by predecessors, recruits its ranks on the principles of personal merit and theological proficiency. Every member must make the vow of celibacy, and by far the greater number of them live in convents. A Lamaist convent, or lamaiserai, consists of a temple; which forms its centre, and of a number of buildings connected with the temple, appropriated as the meeting rooms, library, refectory, dwellings, and for other worldly or spiritual wants of the monks. Lamaism has likewise its nuns and nunneries. The sacred books bear the name of the Kandjur, and consist of 1,083 distinct works.

A Much Praying People.

As Mr. Andrew Wilson says, the Tibetans are "the most pre-eminently praying people in the world. They have praying stones, praying pyramids, praying flags flying over their houses, praying wheels, praying mills, and the universal prayer: 'Om mane padme hum,' is never out of their mouths." These four words, among all prayers on earth, form that which is most abundantly recited, written, printed, and even spun by machines for the good of the faithful. They are the only prayer known to the ordinary Tibetans and Mongals—the first words the child learns to stammer, the last gasping utterances of the dying.

"For many years a cordon of brave Christian missionaries has been drawing its lines closer and closer to the borders of the 'sealed land,' awaiting for the propitious moment to carry the Word of Life to its benighted people. . . . Any missionary working on the borders of the 'great closed land' would almost be prepared to start for Lhasa a few minutes' notice, if the way were unexpectedly opened.

"Of honored names interwoven with Tibet's Christianization, the Canadian missionary, Susie Carson Rijnhart, M.D., takes a foremost place.

"This brave Canadian girl, born near Toronto, was one of the very first to penetrate this remote region, and to dispense the healing simples of medicine and the healing doctrines of the cross. She was, however, brutally treated, her husband was murdered, and she was compelled to return to Canada. She has gone back again, however, to the borderland of Tibet, waiting an opening to resume her mission, consecrated by the blood of her husband and the loss of their only child."

We thank God for these brave pioneers of the cross, and let every Salvationist pray that their way may be opened, and that soon the light of the Gospel shall dispense the gloomy mists of superstition and the pure religion of Christ shall raise the people to a higher plane of living and thinking.

THE PRAYING LEAGUE.

Special Topic for Prayer:—Pray for all who are lying on couches of suffering everywhere, that spiritual comfort and physical health may be granted.

Sunday, Aug. 5.—Denying Christ.—John xviii. 15-65; Mark xiv. 68-72.
Monday, Aug. 6.—Before the Great Council.—Luke xxii. 63-68; Mark xiv. 55-66.
Tuesday, Aug. 7.—Before the Roman Governor.—Matt. xxvii. 1, 2; John xviii. 28-38.
Wednesday, Aug. 8.—Before King Herod.—Mark xv. 3-8; Luke xxi. 4-14.
Thursday, Aug. 9.—Again Before Pilate.—Matt. xxvii. 11; John xix. 6-15; Mark x. 13-14.
Friday, Aug. 10.—The Crown of Thorns.—Matt. xxvii. 19-25; Luke xxi. 19-23; Mark xv. 15-20.
Saturday, Aug. 11.—All the Way to Calvary He Went for Me.—John xix. 17; Luke xxiii. 26-32; Matt. xxvii. 8-10.

A MESSAGE TO THE SUFFERING.

By Mrs. N. B. Johnston, P. L. Secretary.

Perhaps the people who suffer most through the hot summer season are the dear ones who have to lie upon couches of pain and weariness. Poor throbbing nerves, aching, tired brains, weakness and faintness overpowering!

The mystery of pain is a problem which has not been solved. The why of human suffering is a question for eternal unfolding, especially when those whose hearts are longing to serve God and humanity with loving endeavor are laid aside, does it seem a strange, perplexing thing.

I am quoting from a letter received from a dear friend who has since passed through much suffering into the Homeland. It was written to me when I was altogether laid aside from active service. As the thought suggested in it is a very beautiful one, I pass it on with a hope that it may comfort some reader of this column.

"This is just a line, beloved, to say that I am with you in spirit often in the seclusion of your sick-room. I watch the War Cry for the weekly report, and do you know I sometimes envy you the quiet communion and rest you are having. Perhaps for a while your work is to be in the silence, pleading for strength and victory for others. Now I can see a smile spreading over your face, and hear a half-smothered sigh, as you think how much you want to be at the helm, but He has your work in His hands, and you are still serving while you wait, and, oh, dearest, how many need the holy influence of your quiet prayers—quiet, but powerful and prevailing."

We have several invalid members in our Praying League. In this sweet letter is a message for you, and all who minister to "serve in waiting."

"Lo, I am with you alway."

"O Love divine, who stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast our earth-born care,
We smile at pain when Thou art near."

What can I find in the blessed Word of God that contains more strengthening power for you than this assurance, "Lo, I am with you-alway"? This is one of the last, therefore one of the most sacred, promises of our Lord Jesus Christ. What comfort it contains. "Alway"—in season of joy, when the lips drink deep from the cup of human delights; in hours of sorrow, when bereavement's shadow flings a cloud of inky blackness across the sky, and no gleam of solace shines through its impenetrable darkness; in days of difficulties and losses, when all avenues of prosperity seemed to be closed; in moments of disappointment, when loved ones are untrue and misunderstandings arise; and when temptations come in like a flood.

"Always with you, even unto the end."
To best comprehend the full wealth of this promise it will help us if, for a moment, we consider what the presence of Jesus meant to

those about Him in the days of His humanity. One of the first glances into His ministry shows Him in a scene of mirth and festivity, sanctioning by His miracle the holy estate of marriage. Then we see Him with the multitudes gathered about Him in the wilderness, manifesting His interest in their temporal welfare by satisfying their physical hunger. One of the sweetest pictures we have of Him is that which portrays Him surrounded by the little ones, placing His hands upon their restless, curly heads and blessing them. As I talked with my little seven-year-old girl one evening before she went to Jesus about this, she said, "If I had been there He would have blessed me, too, mamma, wouldn't He?" May we all make personal application.

(To be continued.)

An Enterprising Journalist Adopts the Role of Steerage Immigrant.

An interesting experiment for getting at the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, has come to light in the publication in England of "Canada, the New Nation," by Mr. H. K. Whates, of the London Daily Telegraph. We quote from an editorial of the Evening Times, St. John, N.B., which speaks for itself, at the same time giving a vivid sidelight on the immigration measures adopted by the Salvation Army:—

"In setting out to study Canadian immigration he avoided parlor cars and government agents, and joined a party of laborers bound for Canada. He was determined to find out for himself what difficulties and what opportunities were met by the man who comes to Canada without capital, but with health and willingness to work hard. His book, therefore, is not guess-work and is devoid of hearsay evidence. The steerage was a rough place, but the London writer found nothing there calculated to daunt any man with a reasonable amount of grit. He came in January, when the labor market was supposed to be as unfavorable as at any time of the year. Even then he proved that a newcomer who was ready for any sort of employment would not long lack work. On the ship he selected there was a party of laborers brought out by the Salvation Army. Mr. Whates' examination of these men is interesting as showing the sort of material he found in the steerage. He writes of them:

"They all came from West Ham and neighboring East-End districts, and were all indisputable members of the working class—not loafers, not rescued particles of the 'submerged' mass. The money for emigrating these families was provided, in whole or in part, by the fund so opportunely started at Christmas-time by the Daily Telegraph. These people were very poor. I went into the particulars of their cases minutely, chiefly for the purpose of satisfying myself whether the men were workless from no fault of their own, for it would be fatal to any emigration policy that may hereafter be formulated if the money of the charitable were spent in exporting ex-criminals and similar degenerates, whether through the agency of the Salvation Army or any other body. It is gratifying to be able to say positively that the men—some of them mechanics, most of them 'laborers' of one kind or another—were honest and respectable workers, whose only misfortune was want of employment."

"Mr. Whates went the whole way. He secured a homestead in Saskatchewan, carried on the work of a settler, and studied his neighbors. He was at once farmer and reporter. He tells the British public what he learned and what he saw—not what someone else told him, or what he read about the Canadian West. He tells his readers that a home in Canada is the sovereign remedy for the poverty and suffering of Britain's over-crowded millions. Here, if they be but willing to work, an honest and profitable living awaits them."

A Remarkable Answer to Prayer IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Related by the New York Evening Post.)

On the coast of Newfoundland is an old village of about 700 people, known as Hant's Harbor. It was a fishing station, and during the season it is a busy scene of fishing boats and the various processes in the curing of codfish. One season the harbor was visited by an unusual calamity. Not only was the fishing poor, but there was no fish at all. Day after day the toilers of the sea had gone out in their boats only to return at night dejected and discouraged, until at last they gave it up in despair, and the men refused to try again. They sat around the village, pictures of desolation, while hungry children and weeping women sat around the doorsteps in utter dejection. Three-fourths of the season had already passed. The stores had refused to give any more credit. The winter was coming on and starvation and ruin stared them in the face. Then Jabez Jones, the pastor of the little church, called a meeting to prayer on the following Wednesday night. He told the people to be sure to come and to pray for fish, only for fish. When Wednesday night came the church was full, both outside and inside. The pastor opened the meeting with a few remarks about prayer, and then repeated his injunction that they should stick to their text. He began himself with an earnest and comprehensive petition for the great and crying need of the hour. Then he called on Deacon Marquette, and he prayed also in the same line for a time, and then began to drop into the old rut and pray for the outpouring with usual stereotyped phrases. But the pastor called him sharply to order. "Brother Marquette, stick to fish. It is fish we are asking for, nothing but fish. Time enough for the outpouring and the other things later." But the deacon had got off his tune and soon subsided with a feeble amen. Then Sister Lydia was asked to pray.

There had been amens and responses all through the other prayer, but Sister Lydia's voice was interrupted only by the hushed sobs of a broken congregation, and the pastor wisely dismissed the audience with the benediction at the close. The impression was profound. But next morning the force of habit asserted itself, and the men still hung around the village and said, "What's the use?" But there was one man who had been at the prayer meeting and was loud in his protest against such foolishness as praying for fish. His name was Jeremiah Pelly, and he was the agnostic of the town. So next morning he started out bright and early, determined to prove to the people how silly was their sentimental religion. No sooner had they reached the fishing ground and thrown out a line when there was a jerk so violent that it almost pulled him into the ocean. Then came another and another, and in less than two hours his boat was loaded with splendid cod, and he was rowing to the shore. His landing was the signal for a shout, such as never had been heard, and in a few minutes the harbor was alive with fishing boats. They all came back as full as his, and all through the season that great shoal of fishes continued, until the close found them with their wonted prosperity and abundance, and their hearts overflowing with praise. But, best of all, Jeremiah Pelly was forward at the altar on the prayer meeting night and joined the church at the first communion, and ever after his testimony was "There's no use talking, I believe in God and prayer, and He knows all about fish."

LATEST BY CABLE.

Just as we go to press the sad intelligence reaches us that Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Chandler of the New York Training Home, has been promoted to Glory. This indeed is a loss both to her dear ones and to the war, and comrades everywhere will unite in prayer for Divine comfort and sustaining grace to be granted to her husband and two children who are left behind.

Japan's New Training Home.

We are pleased to be in a position to give our readers this week some further particulars concerning the latest developments of the Salvation War in Japan—the dedication and opening of the new Training Home for officers—as well as photographs of the picturesque building itself, and the opening meeting.

The building is of a large semi-foreign style, containing accommodation for the Principal, the Training Staff, and sixty Cadets, with a good lecture hall, and all the other arrangements necessary to adapt it to the purposes of such an institution. It is situated in a commanding position on the line of the electric cars and in front of the Imperial Military Academy at Ushigome, Tokio.

The Historical Pine Tree.

The site upon which it has been erected is one of some considerable interest on account of its containing a very fine, large old pine tree, known as the Koritiko matsu through it being associated with a celebrated Tokugawa general of that name, and the building has been so constructed as not to interfere with this magnificent and historical pine.

The opening service was conducted by Colonel Bullard, the officer commanding in Japan, assisted by a staff of eighty officers. The speakers on the occasion were Mr. Saburo Shimada, M.P., of the "Mainichi Shimbun," Mr. Kosuke Tomeoka, so well known in philanthropic circles, and the Rev. Hiromichi Kozaki. There were present a large assembly, including Mr. Nobu Watanabe, Judge Tokio District Court; Toyono, Governor Ichigaya Prison; Mr. Taneki Hara Prof. E. W. Clement, and others.

Colonel Bullard gave some interesting particulars regarding the institution and said that its inauguration was an important event in connection with the S. A. in Japan, and yet it was a perfectly natural development of the work. Capable and specially trained workers were required, and a training institution, therefore, became a necessity. Hitherto they had labored under the disadvantage of not having a suitable building. The usual period of training occupied a year and ten months. More attention was given to the spiritual and practical than to the literary or theological sides of training. Thirty young men and women have entered the first training sessions.

ENTERPRISING SOLDIERS

Open Up New Ground in Natal.

A new society has been opened in connection with the Bramwell Native Settlement in Natal.

A number of soldiers, with one or two Sergeants belonging to the Florence Booth Society, moved up country about sixty miles, and settled down at Bergville.

They conducted meetings both for adults and children, and established a day school.

Several people got converted, and two have already become soldiers.

They have now undertaken to build a hall

for themselves as soon as the necessary material can be got together.

At Maseru, the capital of Basutoland, Acting Commissioner Richards recently held a meeting for natives in the native Pitso, or Parliament Chamber.

A young Basuto gave his services as interpreter, and no less than thirty-one natives knelt at the cross.

GOVERNMENT RECOGNITION

Of the Army's Good Work in Switzerland.

The Republic of Helvetia continues to open its heart wide to the Army—a happy contrast to the reception of earlier days.

Recently substantial grants have been made by the authorities of several towns, notably Zurich and Berne, and now several of the Cantons—the administration of which is separate from that of the towns—are showing an increasing desire to help our work.

The Canton of Berne has just made its first contribution in the shape of one thousand francs to aid our Home for Discharged Prisoners in Konig.

reported in highly complimentary terms to the State Treasurer.

He says: "All the Homes of the Salvation Army are beautifully kept, and their management is a credit to the organization."

The number of persons dealt with in the Rescue Homes during the year was 337 women, and 101 children; 199 men passed through the Prison Gate Home.

ENROLMENT OF THIRTY NATIVE

JAVANESE.

Two swearings-in of soldiers have taken place at Samarang, Java, one in the Military Home, and the other in the Institution for Sick and Needy Natives. The latter being the first swearing-in of native soldiers, naturally excited the most interest.

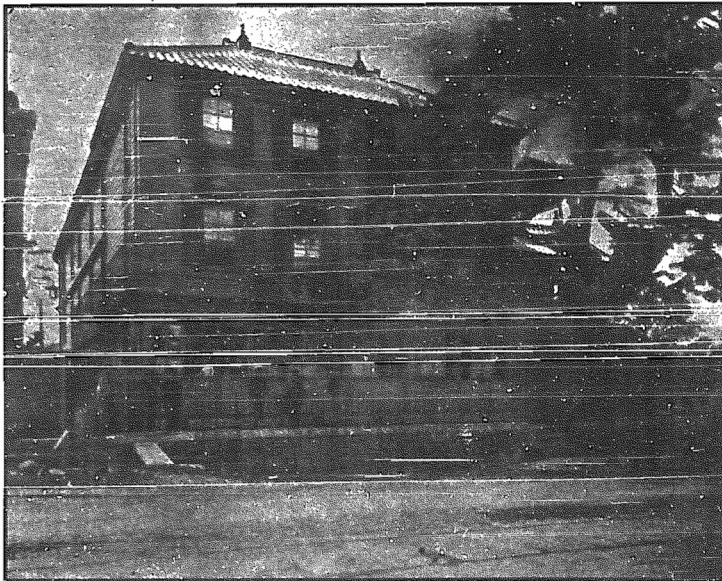
Thirty Javanese signed the covenant, twenty of them being converts made in the institution during the past few months.

The Articles of War had been translated into Javanese—a very difficult work, which was kindly undertaken by a Government official, who holds a civet as Professor in Javanese. The flag was received with intense enthusiasm.

THE ARMY'S CARE

for SLUM CHILDREN.

Some by brakes, and others by railroad, thus were nine hundred London children, representing twenty-two slum corps, conveyed for a day's pure enjoyment into the fresh country air. It is their single chance of the year, and the way the little ones look forward to it can be better imagined than described. Major Simmons, the Slum Secretary was in charge of the day's proceedings, assisted by several Slum Officers. All went off most happily. The children were well-behaved, and their orderly march through the city, and arrival at Liverpool St. Station evoked considerable interest and comment from business



New Training Home, Tokio, Japan.

The town of Zurich has, during the last week, shown once again in unanswerable manner its appreciation of the work, the Financial Committee having just recommended the Grosse Stadtrath, or full council, to make a contribution of five thousand francs towards the installation expenses of a new Women's Shelter and Home which is to be opened shortly in that town.

Basle, an important frontier town, with a population of 120,000, is next on the list.

A large building has been secured on lease with accommodation for sleeping nearly one hundred men, with restaurant, reading-room, baths, workshops, and all the necessary requirements for running a model institution, and already there is much interest concerning this new venture, as well as prospects of substantial help.

Officers everywhere are marching forward in a spirit of quiet confidence, believing for great things in the immediate future.

STATE COMMENDATION

Of the Social Work in Australia.

The Inspector of Charities for Victoria, Australia, has just inspected our various Social Homes throughout the State, and has

men and women.

Across the border several schemes are in operation to benefit the juvenile denizens of various crowded slums in the big cities.

Chicago slum children are being received in batches, together with their weary mothers, at Glen Ellyn. Mrs. Brigadier Stilwell conducted thither the first detachment, numbering seventy-five.

At Ramona Park the St. Louis Fresh Air Camp has been inaugurated by a dedication service conducted by Commissioner Kilbey. Some hundreds will be received there during the summer.

The Cherry Tree Settlement also has a big program on for the summer months, under the able superintendence of Mrs. Major Stanyon, the N. Y. Slum Secretary. (We are glad to learn, by the way, that Mrs. Stanyon has made good recovery from the effects of the injuries incurred whilst rescuing a child.

Lieut.-Colonels Unsworth and Mapp represented the Army at the memorial service to the late Mr. Seddon, which was held in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Young People's Page

INDIANS OF MEXICO.

Characteristics of Different Tribes Described by Dr. Bauer.

No one, perhaps, has a more thorough knowledge of the Indians of Mexico than Dr. William Bauer, a scientist and educator of Berlin, Germany. He has spent more than four years among the different tribes which inhabit remote regions of Mexico. He can speak the language of several of the tribes. He describes his travels and studies as follows:

"I have visited Chiapas, Oaxaca, Guerrero, Vera Cruz, and other States, and have studied the nations called Misec, Zapotec, Mixteca, Mazateca, Mazahua, and Otomi. The most interesting of these, however, and perhaps of all the Indian races of Mexico, are the Zapotecs, who are at present situated in nearly the whole south of the country, and especially in the State of Oaxaca. They number about 300,000. The Zapotecs are a strong people, of large proportions, handsome physically, generally good laborers, and intelligent. They live in small straw huts and houses, each having only one room, and although some of the people are wealthy for their sphere, all follow the same rude life and in their labors. The boys are obliged to do hard farm work at an early age, and they are made to carry great loads of fruit on their heads from the time they are six or seven years old. This is said to be necessary in order that they may become strong and healthy, and so they can do the work of men when they are grown.

Language.

"This nation of Indians still speak the native and ancient language, in some ten or twelve different dialects. Their language is soft and pleasant and agreeable to the ear and is easy to learn. I studied the language with my servant, a Zapotecan from Tlaxi, in the district of Villa Alta, Oaxaca. It was a nation of Indians in this region, and in the past and political future, it will be the Zapotecan. Benito Juarez, the famous Mexican reformer, was a Zapotecan, and was born in Zuelatlan, near Tlaxi, in the mountains of Oaxaca.

Origin.

"The question of the origin of the Mazatecas is one of the most interesting and difficult problems. I find that, for instance, when closely questioned, they say that in olden times they came from the north, but they were unable to tell from what part of the great north they first marched. They have legends to the effect that they passed over the Colorado River, and when they came to Mexico and settled first in the State of Vera Cruz, where they had repeated battles with the Aztecs, the founders of Mexico. In these battles the Mazatecas were driven over towards the eastern border of the State of Vera Cruz. This country has been held by this once powerful nation until this day. The people are decidedly interesting to study, up to a few years ago they had kings, but of recent years they are without a ruler. The nation numbers about twenty-five thousand people. They are getting to be a wandering people inasmuch as they travel to many parts of the isthmus where they are employed by planters on coffee and sugar plantations. During the times that they are employed on plantations many of their towns and villages are entirely deserted.

Their Worship.

"I learn from their history that they were a warlike nation, but now they are most peaceful. It is difficult for a stranger to travel through their country, owing to their extremely suspicious and superstitious ideas. They worship idols, but these are kept buried, and new ones are made each year. This nation in particular has one old custom in connection with its idols. The skull of an egg is taken, and being broken into seven pieces, along with this are seven pieces of bark, red and blue feathers and seven seeds of iron. These charms, bound together, are placed on each corner of every person's tract of land. This is believed to assure a bountiful harvest. Also to secure the Indians from injury from their personal enemies. I am not sure if all the nations have the same gods, as I know only ten thousand of the tribe. There are seven gods worshipped, and the eagle, tiger, crocodile, parrot, and serpent are among them. Live animals are worshipped, and things made are buried, as the people of the tribe are ashamed to have strangers know of their form of worship. I saw a number of the altars upon which sacrifices to the seven gods were offered.

Every village has the seven gods, but each village has in addition one special god. It is said in Chilchola that in the church there is a trained serpent, an dthis is chief god of the village. The people have a reverence for the serpent which is not shown toward any of the other gods.

Superstitions.

"Another thing I found of special interest, and this is the fact that every family must have a black dog. The reason for this custom, given by the tribe, is a curious one. It is the belief of the people of this nation that when they die, to reach the promised land they must first go through a large river. A person of his own accord cannot get across unaided. The legend is that only a black dog has the power to pull the member of the family across the river, and then it is necessary for the person to hold tightly to the dog's tail.

"Along with this peculiar notion is another which is practised on the birth of a child. At this time the father strews ashes all around the house, and the first animal that passes over the ashes will be the protector of the child. When the animal dies the child also will die.

"The Misecs, a nation of about twenty thousand, live in the Zapotecan district, Villa Alta, Chiapas, San Carlos, Yaupebet, and Tehuacan. They are of an entirely different appearance and character from the Zapotecs. They are rather low in stature, and besides this they are somewhat deformed. Their hips are broad, faces flat, and movements awkward. Their hair is black, falling over their shoulders. The men wear their hair as did the Spanish priests, and a shaven crown as long as possible on the sides. The Misecs are fond of roasting about, but, although they often go to the Gulf coast, they always return to their poor villages. More than their neighbors, they are conservative in their customs, manners, and dress, and strive all in their language. This is still extraordinarily pure, although hard to learn and disagreeable to hear.

DEATH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

Waldotto, or "Grey Eagle," a Chief of the Tetla Tribe, who took a leading part in the Cuatrecasas massacre in North Dakota, died last week in Prison Albert, Saskatchewan. During the rebellion of 1885 he took the side of the Canadian Government and rendered heroic service to the troops. For many years he has been a model citizen, never indulging in drink or dissipation of any kind, and bringing his children up in the Christian faith. He was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, standing six feet four inches, and was popularly known as Lord Beaconsfield, from his striking resemblance to the great English statesman.

INVENTION OF THE NOSEROSCOPE.

Under the curious name of the noseroscope, an invention for the detection of foul or exhausted air is being placed on the market in Italy by its inventor, Signor Bertini. By means of this invention an alarm bell is set ringing directly the atmospheric pressure in a stove, flue, or other place, where a draught ought to be maintained ceases to be below that in the room which is being ventilated. A stove or fire which passes its own foul air into a chimney does so by virtue of the fact that the atmospheric pressure in that chimney is less than that of the room; consequently a draught is created, and is kept up so long as that pressure continues. Directly the depression disappears, owing to the stoppage of the flue or to any other cause, the foul air finds its way into the chamber and the danger of suffocation, burnings, and life. The duty of the invention is to draw attention at once to this state of affairs. Chambers' Journal.

WORTH KNOWING.

The title of the Iceland War Cry is "Heroina." Two million Indian natives can now read English.

Every two days a murder is committed in New York.

Birthdays were celebrated as long ago as the time of Pharaoh.

There are nearly two thousand Salvation Army Life Assurance Agents.

Norwegians are the most democratic of any monarchical country in Europe.

There is an instrument called the erdophone, which "photographs" sounds.

No crowned head in all Europe bears so many titles as the youthful King of Spain.

The entire fleet of Colombia was worth only \$3,000, and the explorer's salary was \$200 a year.

Some successful burglars employ a dog to keep watch and give the alarm when danger approaches.

The coach in which the Lord Mayor of London rides on state occasions has been in use about 170 years.

Our Naval and Military Leaders respect the sympathy and support of both the army and navy authorities.

There are twenty-nine Journals, sixteen authors, nine books, and ten brewers in the British House of Commons.

The most popular music used by the Salvation Army is the original composition of its own officers and soldiers.

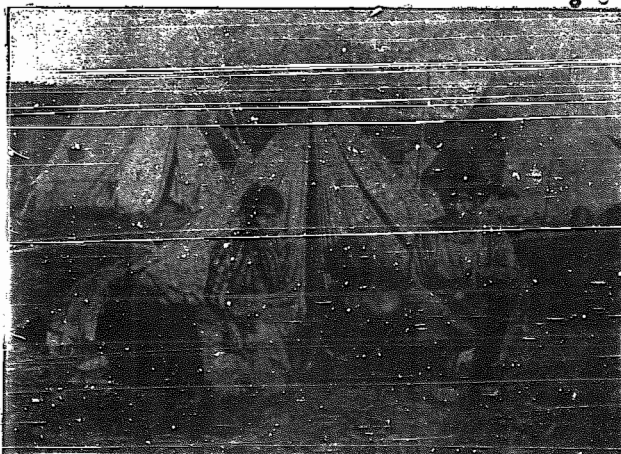
King Edward, in order to be versed in the affairs of persons who are presented to him, follows an exhaustive system of card indexing.

Peter the Great, it is said, borrowed the ideas of the Russian flag from the Dutch. He simply turned the Dutch tricolor upside down to make a Russian flag.

Severe earthquake shocks were felt throughout South Wales on the morning of June 27th. Houses locked, hundreds of chimneys fell, and people were shrieking from their houses, but no lives were lost.

The largest mass of ice in the world is in the sea which fills up nearly the whole of the interior of Greenland, where it has accumulated since the dawn of history. It is believed to now form a block of about 600,000 square miles in area and averaging a mile and a half in thickness. According to these statistics the lump of ice is larger in volume than the whole body of water in the Atlantic Ocean, and there is enough of it to cover the surface of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with a layer about seven miles thick.

It is believed that the first child and adult up to the surface of the sea at Walm, it would pile more than 120 miles high. There is also a plan in Greenland to bury the entire area of the island States a quarter of a mile deep. Chicago.



A North American Indian Camp. (Courtesy of G.T.R.)

Physical Strength.

"Some of these people are fair-haired and have a light complexion. For this reason they are said to be the descendants of Germans. In nearly every Mexican history is found this tale. I asked them of their origin, and they said that they are aborigines of the country. Several of the most intelligent people said that, on the contrary, the Germans were the descendants of the Misecs. The joke was not bad. However, the Misecs form evidently a particularly nice worthy of a large amount of study. They are famous for their strength. They can carry easily from six to eight arrobas (from 150 to 200 pounds) for many miles, and over the steepest hills.

"It is said that the Misecs, on their return from carrying a load to some point, pick a load of stones, as they find it difficult work to walk without some sort of ballast.

This nation, like all the other tribes, is very superstitious. They still worship their old gods, and offer them up to this day sacrifices in the fields, on the hills, and on the rivers. I visited several places where I found remains of sacrifices, such as fowls, small dogs, bread, chocolate, eggs, and fruit. Certain villages have their idols hidden in places known only to the oldest men of the tribe."—N. Y. Tribune.

Every Salvation Army Territory has its own Training Home.

CAN I BE HOLY?



By Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

Without doubt there are a large number of people professing to be religious and desiring to do God's will who never apparently trouble to discover what are His purposes concerning themselves; resting contented in the self-satisfied consciousness that they "are saved," testifying to the forgiveness of sins, "thanking God" that they are different to what they "used to be," and simply letting the matter rest there, evidencing no further concern regarding progress in the divine life, simply going along from day to day in an easy-going fashion, never appearing to be troubled with any perplexing question regarding entire sanctification, never worried or anxious "lest having preached to others" they should become themselves apostate to the truth. With them is no heart-searching, no agonizing of soul, no lamenting over weakness, failure, or sin, living a life of apparent content, self-complacency, and security.

Not infrequently in holiness meetings this class of people even raise their hands when those who are truly sanctified are asked to testify, and, alas! sometimes they actually give an experience in a vague indefinite fashion to the effect that they have "a clean heart" and are "walking in the light," and yet they KNOW in their deepest heart that they are not living in communion with Him whose blood cleanses from all sin.

The question has been often asked why this is so, and why people who KNOW they are not living holy lives and in whose hearts still remains inbred sin do not seek after holiness, but simply rest satisfied with the experience they have.

The problem is somewhat difficult to solve. This condition of soul certainly is not because the Spirit of God has not stirred their hearts to seek after this most precious gift, this glorious experience. No; rather because when called upon to "step out on the promises" they decline to venture their all upon Christ, preferring to follow the dictates of self rather than enjoy the riches of Christ; thus quenching the Holy Spirit of God.

Unfortunately, these people are not only deceiving themselves, but leading others astray. Very often those who are sincerely seeking after holiness come in contact with such self-satisfied Christians and lapse into a similar condition.

Now, there is without doubt considerable difference and distinction between testimony and experience, although they are often used as synonymous terms, being employed to express the same meaning; but a definite, clear, positive testimony to the blessing of a clean heart is far more convincing, and has a greater range of influence and power than the rambling, so-called "experiences" that are so frequently substituted. Are not these faulty testimonies the prolific source of so much misunderstanding regarding entire sanctification; and do they not also often lead astray the sincere enquirer after holiness? Anything that is indefinite, either in teaching or testimony, on the subject of sanctification is to be deplored. The Scripture is so convincingly clear and distinct in its utterances on the subject that "a fool need not err therein." If you, reader, are a self-satisfied professor of

religion, without holiness, be assured that your position is highly dangerous.

It were better that you should begin to examine yourself in the light of God's word without a moment's further delay, for are you not already a backslider in heart, and is it not possible that having "a name to live" you are nevertheless already spiritually dead, "having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof"? What profit is there in all the profession that it is possible to make unless possessed of the absolute consciousness that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses you from all sin, and that you are filled with the power of the Holy Ghost.

Indifference in a matter of this character is a crime against your own immortal soul, while neglect of God's warnings and entreaties is but the highway of spiritual suicide. If you but gave utterance to the true feelings of your heart what a different testimony you would give! Instead of the Pharisaical "God, I thank Thee," it would likely be "Oh, wretched man that I am." You would seek for guidance, for help, for light! You would confess your own uncleanness in the sight of God, and bewail your lack of spiritual power. For when the experience becomes circumscribed or limited, then the spiritual appetite fails and a spiritual comatose condition ensues, resulting in a loss of power with God and influence with man. This condition of soul is usually the result of several causes:—

1.—Neglect of Prayer:

A Christian can no more live a godly life without intercourse with Christ than he can keep his body alive without food, water and air, and yet, alas! how often this holy exercise is neglected. No definite waiting upon God, private devotion all too brief, too hurried, too prefatory, little wonder that the soul life declines and a species of spiritual consumption sets in. Oh, what a mighty power is prayer.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air."

2.—Neglect of the Bible.

How can a man "grow in grace" unless he is fed by the "bread of life"? Instead of the Word of God being a lamp to his feet, and a light to his pathway, it is often left unopened, unread, or perhaps only perused in a desultory fashion, or in an aimless, promiscuous manner, without definite purpose or sincere desire to know the will of God, and how to become obedient to that will and subservient to His claims. Alas! there is no searching to know "the mind of the Lord," no attempt to learn what His wishes are, consequently no deep knowledge of Him "who hath called us to glory and virtue." Unless we know God, how can we love Him and serve Him as we ought?

3.—Neglect of Duty.

We are told to be "followers of that which is good." We are called "to be laborers together with Him," to let our light so shine that men seeing our good works may glorify our Father which is in heaven. If the "root of the matter" is in us we should seek to "follow His steps; who did no sin."

If these exercises are neglected—prayer, the Bible, and duty—little wonder that sanctification is not sought for, for there is no deep longing after God, no enquiry for the "highway of holiness," consequently no experience in the heart of that "righteousness, joy, and peace" which is of the "Holy Ghost," and which is the Kingdom of God within the heart, and which possesses the life of those who find it.

Oh, comrade, friend, the blood of Jesus Christ does cleanse from all sin! The fire of the Holy Ghost does purge and purify! Why then delay longer in seeking this blessing? Why hesitate to put yourself upon the altar as an offering to God?

A STUDY FOR THOSE CONTEMPLATING OFFICERSHIP.

Loss Account.

Worldly gain forfeited.
Suffering from cold, rain, and uncongenial surroundings.
Ridicule of ease-lovers and fleshly-comfortable professors.
Late hours, little cash, hard toil in traveling, meetings, visitations, etc.
Disappointment owing to the low spiritual experiences of comrades.
Backslidings of those overcome by the enemy of souls.
Weariness of body, and occasional failure of plans.
Opposition of relatives, friends, and comrades.
Possible ill-health, suffering, and death.

Profit Account.

The smile of God.
Fellowship with Jesus Christ.
Inspiration of the Holy Ghost.
Treasure in heaven.
Training in soul-winning.
The blessing of the poor and the unconverted who are benefited.
Comradeship with the best spirits who sincerely love and serve God.
Food and shelter, and small salary.
A relish for prayer and the Bible.
Successorship to prophets, apostles, martyrs, reformers, revivalists, and the noble Army of soul-winners.
The consciousness of the presence of God, and the certainty of the "Well done" of the Master.

"A far more exceeding and eternal weight of GLORY."

In the Desert of Loneliness.

By Lieut.-Colonel Mildred Duff.

Nearly all the scholars in God's school pass through this class at some time or other in their lives. Sometimes they are kept in for months or years, hardly realizing all that they are learning meantime, for the lessons are often difficult, and there is no other scholar sitting next to them to whom they can turn for a word of cheer.

And yet, if you, who read these lines, are far away from any red-hot Salvationist or beautiful prayer-meeting, do not forget that it is God who has put you in this class, and that from it He often calls volunteers for high and special service.

Years ago General Gordon wrote of the native races of Africa:—

"There is not the least doubt that there is an immense field for an apostle among the black tribes."

"The apostle must know himself before he could come here: and how few of mankind do know themselves. He must believe that God is the absolute ruler of all events, good or bad. He must believe that God does even now work with His Spirit, and that He can, without words, make men realize divine truths."

"If I had not the support of the living God ever with me I could not stand my present position."

And not only for the hero Gordon twenty-five years ago, but for many a common-place life of to-day these words are still true; and in the desert land of loneliness apostles—whether men or women—are made.

God reads our character in our prayers. What we love best, what we covet most, that gives the key to our hearts.—T. L. Cuyler.



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All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications relative to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in it, queries, inquiries about it, or matters referring to subscriptions, deposits and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Clerical, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

A Budget of Newslets.

Peterboro City Council has conferred a pleasing act of recognition upon the corps brass band by a grant of \$150. This is a practical way of testifying appreciation for the services of the band, in all sections of the town, in the accomplishment of their ordinary corps work, and will serve not only as an encouragement to the Peterboro Band itself, but also to fellowbandsmen throughout the country.

Some rumors have been afloat concerning the formation of a Staff Band at the Territorial Headquarters, on the model of the famous International Staff Band at the great Metropolis. This is likely to be an accomplished fact in the no distant future. Some of the instrumentalists have already arrived, and the instrumentalists are being selected. It is likely that an opportunity may be offered to Bandsmen throughout the Territory to apply for positions in this band, of which more particulars will be forthcoming later.

Another delightful development concerning bands is the prospective creation of Drum and Fife Bands from the young people's ranks. The Temple and St. John's, Newfoundland, corps have made a move in this direction, which promises to afford substantial assistance both to the junior corps work and the young people themselves as the days go by. Special Drum and Fife music will be published in the Young Soldier from time to time, as is already furnished in the British contemporary. We feel sure a great many pulses will quicken at this announcement. "Can we have one in our corps?" will be heard on many sides. Enterprising F. O.'s will adjust their thinking caps, and begin to study ways and means. Improvement is the order of the day in all sections of senior and young people's work.

While speaking of the Young Soldier, we may mention that arrangements are being made for considerable improvements in the appearance and get-up of this useful little paper. Fuller details later.

The appointment of Colonel Jacobs to the Chief Secretaryship of the Men's Social Work in the Old Country will be hailed with satisfaction by the Colonel's ardent friends and admirers in Canada. The Colonel, together with Mrs. Jacobs and family, will, therefore, be leaving to take up their new, important, and far-reaching duties in September. They will not leave Canada without a wrench, after so long and close association with the work here in many and varied stages. Nor will their Canadian comrades grow easily accustomed to the loss of their familiar faces. As warriors for God they hold a large place in our hearts, and will continue to do so. Their daughter, Corps-Cadet Bella Jacobs, who has occupied a useful post in the Correspondence Department at Headquarters, will also be missed, although doubtless War Cry readers will hear of her making a mark for God in the capacity of officership in days to come.

Dame Rumor has it that a number of important changes, affecting prominent officers of both Staff and Field are reserved for no distant date. Everybody should make the most of present opportunities before they pass away. In the meantime all eyes will naturally watch this column with interest, not forgetting also to make it a special subject for prayer that heavenly wisdom may guide our responsible leaders in every new appointment to be made.

The news that Commissioner Raiton is coming, and will likely spend a month in this country will evoke glad expectation and enthusiasm everywhere. We are not yet able to announce the exact date of his arrival, but it is probable that he will visit the following centres: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver, and possibly some other towns between these places. He will be en route

for Japan, and may be accompanied by a Japanese officer.

According to the announcement on cover of last issue, there will be a vigorous Holiness Campaign inaugurated throughout the Territory in the fall. This, by the General's decision, will be a universal effort, embracing every country where the blood-and-fire flag is unfurled. It is peculiarly appropriate to the needs of the Army and the world at the present time, and we are delighted to be able to add that the Commissioner intends to start a special weekly holiness meeting at the Temple on Thursday nights. This is not intended to close down the ordinary corps work for that particular evening, but no doubt lovers of holiness and truth, and seekers after the inestimable blessings which follow in the train of full sanctification will come to these meetings from all parts of the city, and carry back a new fire born of the Holy Ghost. In this sense it is hoped that the coming series will resemble in some measure the early Whitechapel holiness meetings led by the Chief of the Staff, from which there went forth a tide of light and usefulness to all parts of the world. At the present juncture Commissioner Howard is conducting a similar line of Thursday holiness meetings at the Clapton Congress Hall, for which, as is well known, he is particularly adapted. Large crowds gather week by week. The Chief of the Staff has himself devoted some evenings to their lead, and according to latest advices, much good has accrued.

The next Training Home sessions will commence on September 13th. The Principal and his Staff are recruiting strength meanwhile, for the course once launched is unremitting in its taxation on every power of spirit and body. The fall sessions will be marked with many privileges. The Commissioner intends to have a great public dedication service of the new Cadets immediately after their entry, and after that—what?

The great Harvest Festival efforts are arranged for the third week of September, with the usual deviation of time allowance to the Western Province, etc. This year's thanksgiving should mark increased gratitude to God for the marvelous prosperity He has granted Canada, both in its agricultural and commercial industries.

The Fall councils—when will they be? This query has reached us more than once from comrades anxious to be "in the know." We are glad to be able to state that preparations are under way, and there is every evidence that these councils will be of a very valuable and practical nature. They are planned for the month of October. The campaign will be centralized as much as possible to bring all parts of the great Territory within reach, the Commissioner conducting each series in person, with the aid, it is hoped, of Mrs. Coombs.

Women officers will particularly rejoice in the special meetings in which Mrs. Coombs will impart to them her valuable counsels and instruction. The Men's and Women's Social Work will also come to the front during these series of gatherings.

The Commissioner is looking forward to conducting the Newfoundland councils also, which will probably take place somewhat later. There will be great rejoicings in the tight little isle, and manifold blessings, too.

The appointment of Ensign Nurse Wood to Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, is announced, and will prove indeed an acceptable assistance to Staff-Capt. Kerr. We hope to give some particulars of the good work going on in that institution shortly, knowing as we do the large place of interest which the Women's Social Work occupies in the hearts and interest of our readers. Reports from the Wardens of these institutions will be, therefore, welcomed in the War Cry. Now comrades, take the hint!

EDITORIALS.

Commissioner Raiton's Anticipated Visit. According to his promise, in answer to our Commission-

er's cabled invitation some months ago, Commissioner Raiton is taking the first opportunity of paying Canada a visit, and the War Cry sends forth its welcomes to so worthy a warrior, in no half-hearted fashion.

George Raiton has become an endeared household name in many countries where our flag flies. His conflicts and triumphs for the cross have been almost world-wide. Pioneers of necessity must be men of sterling courage and intrepid valor, never shrinking at personal danger or loss—the first to leap in the fray, the last to desert a stronghold won. Such has been the Commissioner's record, of which many chapters have never yet been given to the public. With Paul, he could certainly say, "I seek not my own, but the things which are Jesus Christ's."

His Personality. He is a man of many parts. As a speaker, writer (both in prose and poem), and organizer, he takes no mean place; but on the actual battlefield as a fighter is where the Commissioner loves most to be found. If there is a hard nut anywhere, that would be precisely his choice (save that as a soldier, the Commissioner does not choose for himself!) He revels in the hottest fire. Where hell holds carnival, there Commissioner Raiton, undaunted would flout plant the banner of the cross. In the darkest and deepest-dyed sinners he sees diamonds capable of highest lustre in the Saviour's crown, and when difficulties apparently hedge in his way before and aft, the Commissioner has a fashion of looking at them from over his Master's shoulder, until they fall into their right perspective.

His Close Relationship to the General. Whilst the embryo Salvation

Army was hardly out of its shell, and before it had adopted the name, military style, and present successful government, George Raiton was attached to the General's side, and became at once a right-hand helper away back in the seventies. The General's Staff then consisted mainly of Mr. Bramwell Booth and George Raiton—our beloved Army Mother always taking her place beside the General. To G. R. was confided many a knotty question and difficult venture. But despite his education, natural ability, and manifold gifts, the Commissioner is a humble soldier, and many an officer could testify to the personal cheer-up and blessing his own hand-written letters and counsels were made, although when the Commissioner found time to write them is a puzzle yet unsolved!

Welcome! On behalf of the Canadian Field, the War Cry extends once more its heartiest welcome!

THE GENERAL AT ECCLES.

A Week-End of Salvation—Soldiers' and Ex-Soldiers' Meeting—A Brilliant Afternoon Audience—The Mayor Donated \$250 Towards New Barracks—110 Seekers knelt Upon the Stage—The General Preaches for Fifty-Five Minutes, Despite the Terrific Heat.

Stationed at Eccles is a Captain who for some time filled the position of Private Secretary to the General. His efforts to secure a visit from the General never wearied until he actually came.

Anticipations were high, the largest theatre available secured, and the program included, amongst other services, a soldiers' and ex-soldiers' meeting on Saturday, and a lecture on Sunday afternoon, presided over by His Worship the Mayor, with a brilliant stage full of influential supporters.

On the journey down the General and his secretary knelt on the floor of the railway carriage and cried to heaven for a Pentecost, which indeed was not denied. "We are going to have a week-end of salvation," was the General's own prediction. So it proved to be.

A glorious prayer meeting closed the first engagement, having whetted the spiritual appetite of all concerned for the morrow's battles.

One dear man walked all the way from Oldham, having started out at 4 a.m., rather than miss hearing the General. Years ago he was called for service, but refused to follow. So much misery did disobedience bring upon him that he ran away from home and wife, falling so low as to become a human wreck—a wicked wretch. In a small corps in Yorkshire; hope revived once more, and following the leadings of the Spirit, he determined to hear the General, and obey God at all costs. During his long walk the enemy beset him through the much argued for indulgence of smoking. He had a hard struggle, but ultimately the pipe was thrown over the hedge, and he was the first to respond to the invitation to the mercy seat at the close of the General's address.

Not all the individual battles fought that day between the forces of light and darkness ended so satisfactorily.

Brigadier Cox dealt with a music hall artist under conviction of sin and pressed him to decide.

"I would, but what about to-morrow—what about my situation?"

"Leave that with God," replied the Brigadier; "others in similar circumstances have trusted Him, and He has not failed them."

"That will not do for me," was the answer. "I must be sure of a job before I go out there!"

"Man," exclaimed the faithful soul-winner, "you must not act like that, or you will lose your soul as well as your job."

But, alas! he went away sorrowful and unbelieving, with the words on his lips, "I cannot trust God for a job!"

The Mayor's Introduction.

"You have come here to hear the finest man on earth," was the Mayor's preliminary to the opening speech, in which he introduced the General to the citizens of Eccles, and accorded him a hearty welcome on behalf of the town.

"We love him and his Army. They are doing a real good work amongst us. (Hear, hear.) Many of us, should we live to attain the General's age, would be glad to look back upon a similar life to the one he has lived. He has accumulated a colossal fortune—not of gold and silver, but of reformed men and women."

"When the General's life closes, I am sure there will be no going round by the back door or entering by a side window—there will be no chance for that! He will have to go through the front entrance, and on his arrival there will be such a shout 'as heaven has seldom heard from the men and women who will say, 'We are the result of his work!'"

Few men could hear so much sincere praise and yet keep a level head, and be ever pulling themselves up to a higher ideal. Our beloved General is a model to us in this as in many other particulars. Referring to himself on this occasion, he said:—

"I am always saying to myself, 'Oh, General, what have you done for the world this morning?' And when we reach the hour that we call tea time, I ask myself again, 'Oh, General, what have you done for God this afternoon? Have you earned your tea?' And as I lay my head upon my pillow and close my eyes, I always ask myself, 'What, what, what have you done to-day? What will be recorded in heaven as having been done for God and the benefit of the poor?' That is a question that everybody should ask themselves: 'What better and brighter is the world for my having lived in it?'"

His Intended Gift Multiplied by Ten.

The effect of the General's afternoon effort might almost be gauged by the action of the chairman. Just as the meeting was closing he rose once more and said:—

"I feel I must make one other remark. Up to this afternoon I had made up my mind to give \$25 towards the Army's new building in Eccles, but since hearing the General's address, subjecting to my dear wife's agreeing, I am prepared to make it \$250 instead." (The Mayoress concurred very willingly.)

Prior to leaving London for Eccles, the Chief of the Staff noticing how weary the General was, asked him, "What are you going to do to-morrow in this terrible heat?"

"Do?" exclaimed the General, "do? do?—why, do the very best I can!" as his eye flashed with resolution and courage.

When his last public word was spoken on Sunday night, the General had put in no less than five hours' speaking, in the aggregate.

The day was described as "most trying, and the heat terrific." But so far as personal effort, and overwhelming love for the souls of men goes, no greater zeal could be registered to any human being for a single day's work.

His night address took fifty-five minutes in delivery, and kept the crowded audience hanging upon his utterances in deep earnestness. These were amongst his closing words:—

"If you thought you were going to die soon, you would want God, and seek His favor; but now you are well, and there are sunshine, music, and flowers all around, you do not want Him, you push Him away, and act as though you were going to live for ever. But mind what you are doing! He will not be mocked. The storms are gathering, and the clouds will burst with sorrow and with damnation on your poor, naked head!"

As the General sank in his chair, a hush that could be felt came over the people. From what part of the house would the first soul venture? We were not left in doubt very long, for two young men, companions, came right from the top gallery. The fourteenth was a blind man, who gets his living by singing and playing in public-houses and such like places. From to-night he will play other songs, and sing of another Name.

The converts were of a magnificent character. Numbers of them came to the stage blinded, with their tears, and it was a long time before they could be led to believe that

there was salvation for such vile sinners as they were.

The total for the week-end was 110 seekers, twenty-one of them for holiness, while fifty-one were backsliders.

International News.

Comaissioner and Mrs. Howard, of the International Training Homes, have surrendered their last son, the fourth, to God and the Army for service in India.

Colonel Brengle's next European campaign commences in September. Holland and Switzerland are on the program.

During an open-air meeting in Japan, nineteen penitents knelt at the drumhead. The same evening at the various corps in the vicinity of Tokio, fifty-three souls yielded to God.

At the re-opening demonstrations of the Army's renovated hall at Umgeni, Natal, a number of Zulus followed the procession to the building, and before the meeting ended nine of their number had knelt at the mercy seat.

Fifty new Cadets have just entered the Army's Training Home at Amsterdam. This is a record number for Holland.

A generous lady, anxious to do good with her money, at Siegburg, in the Rhine district, Germany, has furnished a hall and quarters, and placed them at the Army's disposal for five years, free of charge. Two officers have been commissioned to open fire at once.

The Territorial leader of Finland, Lieut-Colonel Howard has had a successful tour in the North, and speaks most hopefully of the future. Kittila, a recent opening, is our second Finnish corps beyond the Arctic Circle. Three months ago, when the officers arrived, there was neither hall nor quarters, but these have now been secured, thanks to the liberality and co-operation of the people, and the Army is making great headway. On the occasion of Colonel Howard's visit wonderful meetings were held, soldiers and friends traveling as much as forty, fifty, sixty, and eighty kilometers for the purpose of attending, whilst the congregations were three or four times larger than the hall could possibly accommodate.

Five hundred British Assurance Officers sat in council with the Chief of the Staff at Hadleigh Farm Colony for a recent week-end. The number in itself is a startling commentary on the progress and potentiality of the Army's Assurance Society. The meetings were full of interest and instruction, each officer present being made to feel that his destiny was that of the Salvation Army itself. Mrs. Booth was also present and delivered a remarkable address to the council on the rights and privileges of the women in the Army.

The Young People's Camps are now in full swing at Herne Bay, Canvey Island, Fleetwood, and Dunoon. The Camps have been arranged for the special purpose of providing the young people of the British Territory, with a real holiday in the country and by the sea, and they are opened to all attached to or influenced by the Army.

Lieut-Colonel Julius Horskins, from Australia; Brigadier and Mrs. Nehemiah Glover, from Newfoundland; and Brigadier Van Rossun, from Java, are among the most recent arrivals at I. H. Q.

A notable visitor whom we may expect in Canada towards the end of August will be Colonel Lamb, of the Emigration Department at I. H. Q. His visit will be in the interests of this branch of Salvation Army operations.

DARING AND DOUBTING.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

"And Barak said unto her, If thou wilt go with me, then I will not go,"—Judges iv. 8.
"And Deborah said unto Barak, Up; for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand."—Verse 14.

As surely as sin brings sorrow, it brings bondage also. After a period of awful backsliding, Israel had fallen under the tyranny of the Canaanites, who "mightily oppressed" them for twenty years. In their suffering they began to pray. It seems a mean business, this bewailing and beseeching just when things go contrary. It is like being whipped up to the mercy seat with a cat-o'-nine-tails! But God is merciful, and keeps the gateway of supplication always open—that is the backslider's one hope.

Deborah was the judge and virtually King of Israel during the latter part of this sad time, and probably had something to do with the revival of the praying spirit in the land. She was a prophetess, and was the wife of Lapidoth, who does not appear to have been anything. The only man of any consequence in the country was Barak, and, like the rest, he seems to have been of a very timid sort.

A Striking Contrast.

These two people can teach us a lesson. They present a great contrast in three respects: (1) Deborah dared while Barak doubted; (2) Deborah took the full responsibility of a new departure in leadership, whereas Barak shirked it; (3) Deborah had great influence over Barak; Barak had none over Deborah.

1. Deborah was a believing, daring heart. She had faith in God, and faith in Deborah, and more faith in Barak than he had in himself. Barak was a doubtful doleful. He doubted God, and doubted himself, and doubted Deborah. He replied to her call to arise and fight by saying, "If thou wilt go with me, then I will go." He was afraid to go, and no doubt thought she would shrink from bloodshed and from leaving Lapidoth and the children, and that by putting it in this way he would escape the responsibility of refusing to go!

Unbelief always cuts a sorry figure in the presence of real danger, and generally begins by refusing to go up and fight unless somebody else will go. "We can't attack this difficulty without the Divisional Officer," or "It's no use proposing that unless the Sergeant-Major goes on with it," or, "I'm afraid to tackle that chance unless we are sure of success."

The Language of Faith.

But Barak was mistaken in Deborah. "I will surely go," she said. That is the language of faith. No inquiry about the risks or the strength of Sisera's army; not a word about Lapidoth—he must take care of himself when the army of God is in difficulties; not a mention of her sex or her health, but "I will surely go," and then "The Lord shall sell Sisera into the hand of a woman!" Her faith seizes the victory right off, and even if Barak had there and then run she would probably have gone on and won the battle.

Deborah arose at once and went with Barak. He had said he would go if she did, and she meant to hold him to it. Ten thousand men are called together, and Deborah went up with him. Sisera hears and assembles his army also, and Deborah at once says to Barak: "Up; the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand." That "up" is the watchword of faith; the battle was fought, and Sisera defeated and slain.

2. Deborah took the great responsibility of bringing on the battle, although there were no shields or spears in Israel, and no army worth the name. If it had gone against them how

she would have been reproached as a meddling woman! What a nice how-do-you-do she would have received from Lapidoth! How unfair, she might have argued, for Barak to put it on her—why should she risk everything by taking a burden that was really his? Her place was at home, not gadding about among a crowd of strange men. She had "delivered the message," now she must "leave it with the Lord," and rest in Him. But no, she was willing to take the responsibility on herself. That is the first great essential of leadership of any kind, and especially of the Salvation Army kind. People who won't risk anything are no good in the war. The very duty of leaders is to run risks—it is their faith in action.

This is exactly what Barak would not do: "If thou wilt not go with me, I will not go." He shirked the responsibility of going ahead on a dangerous path, though God ordered it. Poor, shivering mortal! what an egg-shell of a man unbelief makes him appear beside this woman of faith! But Deborah had patience with him, and stooped to conquer. She did not "call in his commission," or refuse to have anything more to do with him, because he was not up to her standard, and could do nothing without her.

How to Deal with Baraks.

She promised to go with him and to help him, and at once began to do it. So must we deal with the Baraks around us. Get all we can out of them, give them the best cheer possible, go with them to the post of difficulty, and hope they will live to fight another day.

3. Deborah's faith gave her great influence over Barak. Her confidence brought him to a decision, helped him raise the army, and made him fight the battle, all against his own wish. It is one of the great achievements of faith that it secures not only the help of God, but the help and confidence of men. You will be believed in the proportion as you believe. The question of questions, therefore, about a leader is, not, Has he brains?—has he experience?—has he health?—but, Has he faith? Because, if he has, the Baraks and their thousands will be made to believe also, and to go up and fight, and the Siseras will be smashed. If you are lacking in influence over the weak and unbelieving around you, it is your want of faith as well as theirs which is at the root of the trouble.

Barak could do nothing to influence Deborah. He was all caution, hesitation, and indecision—she all confidence, and enthusiasm, and conviction. The ditherings of unbelief cannot shake the faith that finds the Rock beneath. Doubtful Doleful is no match for Deborah! Her faith mastered his doubts, at least enough to start him right—to get him committed—and then she followed him up and he began to improve at once.

Deborah's Great Victory.

Do the same with your Baraks. Get them to begin on the course you want in such a way as commits them. They will mend as they go on. They will fluctuate and wobble, and perhaps grumble—unbelief is a great talker—but stick to them and they will fight after all, and add to the credit of your success.

Under God, it was Deborah's victory. Barak simply disappears. Deborah's song, and her title of a Mother in Israel, and her praise of the people, and her curse of Meroz will last for ever. It is ever so. What you sow you reap. Faith, as one grain of mustard seed, will give a whole harvest of honor and blessing and victory. Unbelief—one act—will fill a whole life-time with tares; good for nothing but to be buried.

Important Staff Changes in the U.S.

Several prominent officers, holding responsible commands, are under marching orders in the States; whose re-appointments will be of interest on this side also.

Brigadier and Mrs. Wood are exchanging the General Secretaryship of the Southern Pacific Province, to second Lieut.-Colonel Addie in the South-Western Province. Brigadier and Mrs. Kimball are vacating the position just named to take up the reins under Lieut.-Colonel Marshall in the Chicago and Midland Province.

Brigadier and Mrs. Dubbin proceed to San Francisco, for the General Secretaryship of the Southern Pacific Province.

Major and Mrs. Cass' new location will be at Kansas City, the centre for the Midwest Province, in the capacity of General Secretaries.

Major Milsaps, whose health necessitated his return to America, goes to Minneapolis, to take up work as the Young People's Provincial Secretary for the North-West.

The Burglar in Safe Custody.

Since our last issue the man who proved himself an adept at entering officers' quarters and relieving them of all sorts of available clothing, cash, etc., for whom information was asked, has been arrested, and confessed in many burglaries. Some of the stolen goods have been recovered—no better for the exchange of hands, certainly—and restored to their rightful owners. The money has, however, it is feared, been spent. The man, whose name is Baker, was caught gaily skating round on rollers in a Toronto rink. It is fortunate that he did not secure more cash on the night of his dastardly errands at Captain McFrick's quarters. Undoubtedly he hopes to get a good haul at the expense of a special monetary effort being put forth to raise money for the band's new instruments. Fortunately the Captain had not left it in a get-at-able place. It is not likely he will trouble anyone for some time to come.

NEW SAILORS' HOME

At an Argentine Port.

An admirable site for a Sailors' Home has been secured at Ensenada Port, Argentine.

It is so situated that every ship entering the dock steers direct towards it.

A four-roomed wooden house which stands on the site has been purchased by the Army, to which a new wing will be added.

It is a frame building, capable of being removed if required.

The premises are being enlarged and got into working order at once.

THE FAR LOOK.

A literary lady once consulted, a oculist with regard to a trouble in her eye.

The oculist said: "Madam, your eyes are tired, you need to rest them." Then he asked: "Have you any wide views from your house?"

"Oh, yes," replied the woman, with enthusiasm. "From the front porch I can see the noble peaks of the Blue Ridge; from the rear windows I look upon the Alleghany foothills."

"Very well, that is just what you need," advised the oculist. "When your eyes are tired, go and look steadily at your mountains for ten minutes—twenty would be better. The far look will rest your eyes."

The "far look"—off towards the hills of heaven—would bring rest and renewed vigor to many a now weary believer, overborne with work and distracted with care.—Ex.

GEORGE FOX, THE RED-HOT QUAKER.

Chapter XIX:

Chooses Prison Rather Than Sacrifice Principle.

At the next sessions a true bill was found against George for not taking the oath; and he was offered the alternative of going to prison or finding bail. He chose prison, because he was an innocent man; and to give bail would be to imply that he was guilty, and that was against his principles. However, so sure were they of him that they released him after a few hours' imprisonment, on his promising to appear at the time appointed.

The king was appealed to on his behalf. Margaret herself went to London to plead for her husband. Charles II. listened kindly to all she had to say, then told her the matter must be left to the lord chancellor. Margaret went to the chancellor, and he said the only thing to be done was for the king to grant George a free pardon. But to this George replied:

"I am not free to accept a pardon, knowing that I have done no evil. I would rather lie in prison all my days than come out in any way dishonorable to truth."

do so was to confess that they had often acted illegally. At last, to their everlasting credit be it written, they acknowledged that it was illegal. They highly complimented Corbett on the way he had conducted the case.

"You have brought to light," they said, "that which was not known before, and you have won for yourself a great deal of honor by the way you have pleaded George Fox's cause in court."

The fact of George's letting Corbett plead his case is an evidence of how feeble his health was at the time.

"After I had suffered imprisonment for a year and almost two months for nothing," writes George in conclusion, "I was fairly set at liberty upon a trial of the errors in my indictment, without receiving pardon or coming under any obligation or engagement at all. And the Lord's everlasting power went over all; to His glory and praise, and to the magnifying of His name forever."

A HINDU DEVOTEE.

A Revolting Custom.

An officer in India writes:—

"Within a stone's throw from where I pen these notes I can count eight temples erected to as many heathen deities. All this is in a village with less than one thousand popula-

Traveling Out of Uniform.

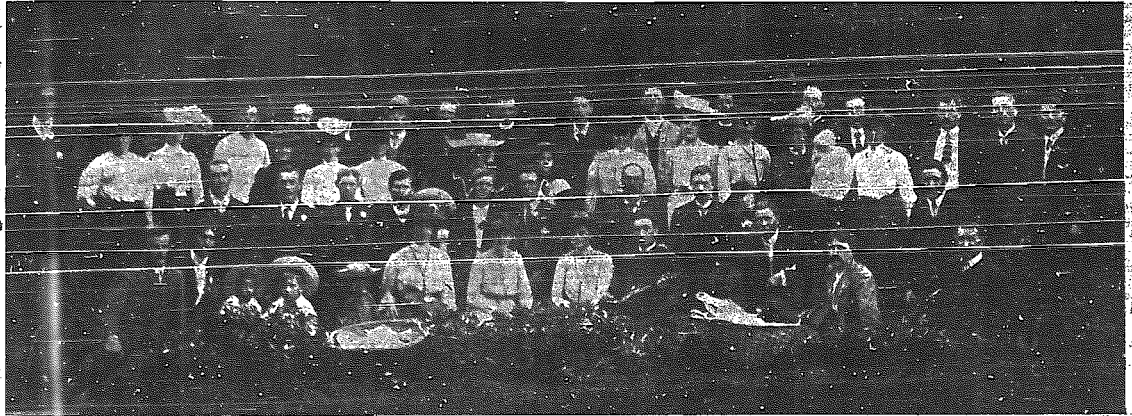
An incident is reported in the New York War Cry which, albeit the unpleasant, and to say the least of it awkward dilemma into which a Divisional Officer was precipitated unawares, certainly provides an excellent moral on the desirability of officers adhering to regulation uniform in their travels at home and abroad:

This comrade had doffed a private suit, cap, etc., and alighted at a certain railway station to secure some refreshments ere the train went on. As he stepped out of the car a burly policeman laid his hand on his shoulder with the astonishing declaration, "I want you; you are my prisoner."

The innocent victim protested, explaining that he was a Salvation Army officer, and would miss his train, etc. But he only met with the reply, "Oh, I know all about it; you come with me," and was escorted to the calaboose. On the way they had to pass one of the Army's Working Men's Hotels.

"Take me in here," said the unwilling prisoner, "the Captain knows who I am."

Ultimately, on the latter's assurance that he could vouch for him, the gallant policeman consented to let him go, although he was said to answer in every detail to a noted crook, for whom the police were on the lookout.



The Army Picnic at Saskatoon.

William Penn at this time was in high standing at the court, and he did all in his power to obtain a release for his friend.

"Dear George," he writes to him, "thy dear and tender love in thy last letter I received, and for business thus, a great lord, a man of noble mind, did as good as put himself in a loving way to get thy liberty. He prevailed with the king for a pardon, but that we rejected. Then he pressed for a more noble release that better answered truth. He prevailed, and got the king's hand for a release. It sticks with the keeper. The king is angry with him, and promises very largely and lovingly."

An Illegal Indictment.

But the release stuck fast, and early in 1675, more than a year after his arrest, George was brought to London. He was at this time in very poor health, having been seriously ill when in Worcester jail, and they had to convey him to London in a coach. On March 11th, he appeared before Sir Matthew Hale and other judges of the court of king's bench. When the judges saw the indictment against George they unanimously declared it so full of errors as to be null and void, and that George ought and should be set at liberty. This did not satisfy George's counsel, Corbett, however. He raised the question as to whether it was legal to imprison anyone under the statute of pragmatism for refusing to take oaths of allegiance and supremacy. This was an important point. The judges hesitated long before pronouncing a true judgment. To

tion. It is not my intention here to give information about the Hindu deities, but to tell something of what I actually witnessed during these two days.

"On the last day the early morning was occupied in the slaying of twenty-four buffaloes to satisfy the goddess. In the slaying of the animals, one of the devotees, who was supposed to be possessed with the spirit of the deity, fell upon the slain animals as the blood oozed out, and applied his lips to the blood. It was not without much difficulty the devotee could be separated from the slain animals. Oh, what a sight for the artist to picture! A living soul all besmeared with blood, more in the form of a demon than anything I can imagine. After this ordeal he would go to the goddess, where he prostrated himself for some time, when they said he was in communion with the deity. In early times, before the English governed this country, human beings were sacrificed to the goddess. India is slowly moving towards the light. Pray for her and the noble band of missionaries, whose environment is anything but spiritual. At the close of the ceremony the flesh of the many slain animals was carried off by the low castes to be devoured."

Ask yourself the question as the visit of the perishing multitudes from the dark lands of China, India, Africa, South America, and the islands of the sea is wafted across to you, Does my Christian life satisfy God? Am I doing all I ought to do for their salvation?

The uniform would certainly have saved this officer the humiliating experience, but probably he has become a wiser man through it.

NORWAY'S LEADERS

On the Russian Frontier and Beyond the Arctic Circle.

Colonel and Mrs. Ogrim have just finished their welcome tour in Norway's northernmost Division, visiting the principal towns beyond the Arctic Circle, and traveling right up to the Russian frontier.

The tour lasted three and a half weeks, although the most time-saving routes and quickest steamers were employed.

The enthusiastic reception given Colonel and Mrs. Ogrim by officers and soldiers, and the cordial greetings of citizens and Government officials, have been most encouraging, showing the great esteem in which the Army's work is held in these latitudes.

A feature of special interest in these regions is the hour at which the night meetings commenced. They are announced for 9 p.m., but few of the congregation arrive before 9.30, and our correspondent (Adj. H. Hjeltn Larsen) observes that numbers did not reach the hall till 11 o'clock. The meetings generally last till midnight, however, and most of the numbers who sought salvation during this campaign—about twenty in number—dealt with in the soft light of the midnight sun.

Brigadier Turner Conducts a Tour

WITH THE PETERBORO CORPS-CADETS
AND J. S. S.-M. BRAUND.

Campbellford.—The officers met us at the Campbellford station, and our first visit was to the barracks, for practice. The people who billeted us were very kind. At night we had an open-air; large crowd, good collections. The program went off well. Sunday was a good day; three souls won for God. Capt. Allen sang and played her guitar, and the Brigadier and our Sergt.-Major spoke splendidly.—Corps-Cadet Mary Blogg.

Napanee.—The Cadets did some of their drills in the open-air, which so pleased the people that they gave us \$5.47 in open-air collection. Most of us Corps-Cadets have developed from Peterboro Sunday School. We are glad to be of some service, and believe the meeting made a good impression. Capt. Allen is accompanying us.—C.-C. Pearl Lloyd.

Deseronto.—At Deseronto the officers had lunch all ready for us. We then proceeded to the boat, which took us across the Bay of Quinte to Foresters' Island. With Brigadier Turner, Captain Allen, and Sergt.-Major Braund we enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. At the open-air good crowds listened, and finances were good. In the barracks God came very near to us and blessed us abundantly. We all rejoiced at the close of the day to see two precious souls kneeling at the mercy seat.—C.-Cadet Florence Dickens.

Pictou.—We arrived at Pictou after a nice sail on the Bay about noon, where Capt. Ash and Salter were at the wharf to meet us. In the afternoon we practised, and then took in the town, with which we were very delighted. Its streets are well shaded, and it makes the town look nice and cool. We held an open-air at half-past seven, and gave drills, solos, and speeches. The people enjoyed it, and literally responded to the collection. At the barracks a nice little crowd had gathered together, and more followed the march. The meeting went off splendidly. The officers gave us a hearty invitation to come back again, and I am very sure if we ever get a chance we will.—C.-C. Eva Stevenson.

Trenton.—God wonderfully blessed us here. We had an open-air in the afternoon on the main street. Large crowds stood around listening to the songs and testimonies, and watched the flag, and bar-bell drills. They threw \$6.26 on the drum. The night open-air was also a great success. At the barracks there was a fine crowd, and the people were well pleased with our efforts. The Corps-Cadets enjoyed themselves immensely, and hope to return some day as Army officers.—C.-Cadet Ethel Card.

Bellefleur.—The Cadets were very pleased to see the face of Staff-Capt. Mrs. Perry at the wharf to welcome us. In the afternoon we marched round the town to try and announce the meeting, our one aim and object being to be instrumental in God's hands

of winning precious souls for the Master. At night we had a very enjoyable time, the program being much appreciated by the large audience. God came very near and blessed us.—C.-C. Ivy Carter.

Cobourg.—The Brigadier and his troop of Cadets arrived at Cobourg on Saturday morning, full of faith for a good week-end, and they worked hard, with prayer, song, and testimony to make the most of the opportunity. Good crowds gathered in the open-air to see the drills and hear their singing. The people of Cobourg seemed to appreciate our efforts for the salvation of the lost. Though it was very warm, we had nice crowds all day Sunday. God was with us, and one backslider claimed deliverance.—Capt. Katie Allen.

Commissioner Cadman's Visit.

Peterboro, Ont.—We had a special treat in having with us Commissioner Cadman, the first man to hold an S. A. Captain's commission. The Commissioner had a regular Army welcome. The band and a number of comrades were at the station to greet him. We marched to the barracks, where there was a nice crowd. The Commissioner, after being introduced to us by our worthy Provincial Officer, Brigadier Turner, gave us the very interesting story of his life, from a chimney-sweep, his conversion, and the early history of the Army. It was thoroughly enjoyed. Last Monday, after the usual soldiers' meeting, ice cream and refreshments were passed around. We are still welcoming Old Country people, the band and junior staff having been increased thereby. One week-night meeting was recently devoted to making them feel at home. May God bless them in their labor here.—Cambra.

Ingersoll's Twenty-Third Anniversary.

Visit of Brigadier and London Band.

This corps has just celebrated its twenty-third anniversary. Week-end meetings led by Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave, assisted by the famous London Brass Band, which rendered excellent service, both with their instruments and spiritual talks. I am sure the bandmaster is to be congratulated on being the leader of such a body of men, who are not afraid of work. Both Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave gave us some real good spiritual talks. Crowds and finances were excellent, and one backslider returned to the fold. In glancing over past victories of this corps, we can praise God for what has been done; for has it not given of its flesh and blood to the war some of its best workers, such as Colonel McIntyre, Field Secretary for the United States, also Colonel Scott, a Provincial Officer, besides a number of other Staff and Field Officers too numerous to mention, and yet there is still in the corps a number of faithful ones who are fighting for God. Some of them have been in the Army for years, who, before they came in contact with it, were living lives of wretchedness,

through drink and other causes; but God has kept them, and we give Him all the glory.—Sayed, for Ensign and Mrs. Fynn.

Bermuda's Welcome to Ensign and Mrs. Trickey and Party.

Over Twenty Souls for Pardon and Cleansing.

The islands known as the Land of Sunshine and Flowers, Coral Rocks and Azure Waters, Lily and the Rose, were sighted after a pleasant voyage of a little over three days from Halifax, per S.S. Orura. Hamilton harbor presented a lovely sight as we neared the wharf that "warm" June afternoon, with band playing and a big crowd of soldiers and friends in white cheering. One was waving the Army flag, some their handkerchiefs, and others the handiest object they could get hold of. "Happy George" scrambled aboard and was the first to greet us. Our friend, Mr. White, had kindly arranged for the party to take tea at his home. Then came arrangements for the welcome meeting Friday night.

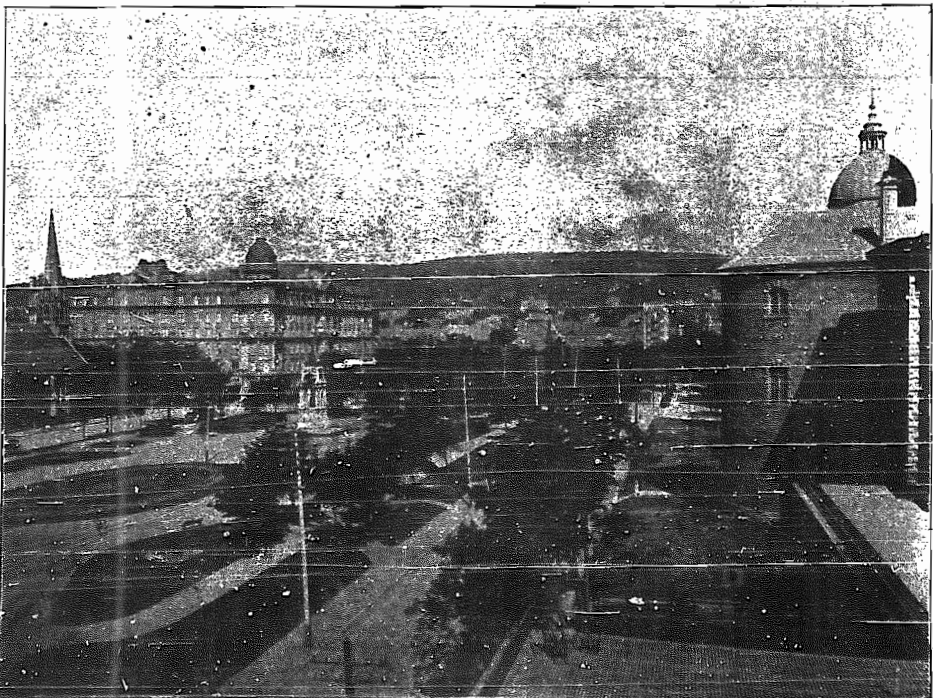
After the march we arrived at the hall to find it packed. The band played a selection, and Ensign McEachern lined out the first song. The J. S. S.-M. was called on, then the Bandmaster, S.-M. Green, our friend Mr. Trot, and Ensign McEachern for the Corps and District. The band struck up "A Welcome Home," and Capt. Newell sang a pleasing solo. The meeting was then handed over to your humble servant, "Keep the Music Ringing," was caught up readily. The following officers were then introduced: Capt. Thistle (the champion War Cry boomer for the Territory, who has just been promoted), Captains Kenney, Jaynes, and Newell, Mrs. Ensign Trickey, and then came Ensign Green with a short Bible lesson. I was very pleased that all took hold so earnestly in the prayer meeting, when quite a few raised their hands for prayer, numbers of whom have since come forward.

In our Sunday night meeting some wept while in their seats, and during the first week we have rejoiced over twenty men, women, and children crying for pardon and cleansing.

The officers around the District are in good spirits and report crowded out halls and quite a few souls since their arrival. The Lord can make bare His arm in hot summer weather as well as in cold.—N. R. Trickey, D. O.

Jail Visiting on the Coast.

Vancouver, B.C.—I have paid my first visit to the Provincial Jail at New Westminster on Sunday. We had a good attendance of men at the meeting, of different nationalities. All seemed to appreciate our efforts on their behalf. One man told me he was a fallen Salvationist, but that four months ago, while in prison, he had returned, and was getting along well in his experience.—Herbert W. Collier, Adj.



DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL.

(Courtesy Grand Trunk Railway System.)

CORPS BULLETINS

BURIN. On Sunday we had with us Capt. Five Seekers. Moulton, who was on her way to Garnish, and at night God came very near and we had the joy of seeing five precious souls kneel at the mercy seat and claim salvation. We are praying and believing for greater things yet.—James Moulton.

CAMPBELLFORD. After about a year's faithful Farewell of Officers, toll, farewell orders came to our devoted officers, Ensign and Mrs. Bradbury. We believe them to be filled with fire and the Holy Ghost and have the Kingdom of God at heart, and everything has to bend to their aim to get souls saved. The Ensign and Mrs. Bradbury have been untiring in their effort to clear off the debt on the corps, and were successful, also putting in \$70 worth of furnishings in the quarters. They made a striking farewell, and charged the soldiers and friends to be faithful to their vows. We are pleased to say the Ensign and Mrs. Bradbury have gone on furlough to see his dear aged mother, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. Their successors are Capt. Cherrington and Lieut. Muir, of Deseronto.—A Friend.

EDMONTON, ALTA. We had with us Brigadier Exchange Visit. Burditt on the 5th inst., and he gave us a good Scripture lesson with the demonstration of the Spirit and power, although that does not convey to you the effort put forth for the salvation of souls. We have also had an exchange of officers from Wetaskiwin. On Sunday morning one came forward for renewal or purity of heart, and at the evening meeting Capt. Habikirk gave us a fine talk on sympathy. When he came to draw the net five or six held up their hands for prayer. He kept tightening the net till five were at the penitent form, and it would have done you good to hear their testimony, so definite and clear. Praise the Lord. We are expecting to hear from them soon, and their return from Wetaskiwin the great things God has done while they were there.—M. S.

FERNIE, B.C. In spite of the extremely warm weather, we have had good meetings and finances. The band is doing well in the face of the disadvantage of a lack of instruments. But they are believing in some good. We have just had a visit from Capt. Davey, the G. B. M. man. He was with us from Wednesday until Sunday night. On Saturday night he gave a famous lecture, his experience as a British soldier in the South African war. It was very interesting, and well appreciated. The thrilling experiences and narrow, hairbreadth escapes made it quite exciting. Capt. Davey was a man who would at times, was captured by the Boers, and had his burial service read. The Captain was well satisfied with the G. B. M. boxes, and the supply has to be increased. Bro. Owens is in charge of them. Captain and Mrs. Laidlaw have begun already to gain the confidence of the people, and we are believing and praying for a great defeat of the devil.—S. A. Silvers.

FOREST. Since Capt. and Mrs. Clin-God's Spirit Moving, ansmith came here, about six months ago, there has been a great change in this corps: Eighteen have sought salvation, nine have been enrolled, while others intend to become soldiers. Out of this number two brothers were freed from the chains of drink, and testify that whereas once their homes were hells upon earth, now they have become a heaven right here below. What a great Spirit is working in this place, through the Salvation Army. Some people say that the Army is better now than it has been for twenty years.—William Murray, J. S. S.-M.

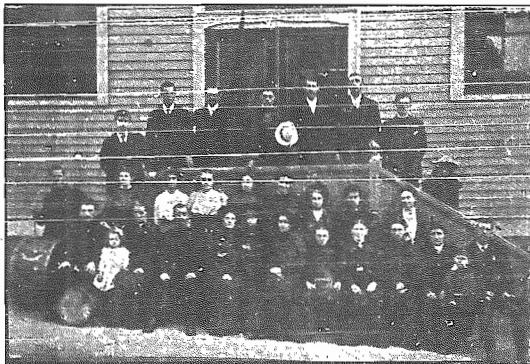
GLACE BAY. Colonel Sharp, our P. O. Hallelujah Wedding, conducted the wedding of Bandsman Dickson, from New Aberdeen, and Sister M. Johnston (just out from the Land of the Heather), on Tuesday night, in the Glace Bay barracks. The fine brass band of the Glace Bay corps provided splendid music. "Oh, I'm glad I'm ready," was sung very well. Some pointed advice and expressions of good wishes were given by different soldiers, bandsmen, and Ensign

and Mrs. Lorimer, the New Aberdeen officers. Adj. and Mrs. Carter sang a duet, and selections were given by the band; also a Seotch song by Brother Dickson, father of the groom. Then Colonel Sharp made the couple one under the colors. The nice crowd present wished the young couple every blessing in their married life. God bless Brother and Mrs. Dickson.—L. A.

HESPELER. God is blessing us as soldiers Four Souls Won, and officers together, and working in our meetings. Four souls came out to the penitent form on Thursday night for salvation, with the desire to give up sin and lead a better life.—C. W. C.

HAMILTON, BER. Bermuda has always been Delighted with New known as the Land of the Lily and the Rose, but we want to inform our War Cry Officers.

readers that there has been a little addition made on those lines, when the Trickey people came to Bermuda they brought a Thistle with them to transplant among the lilies, therefore we have three now—the Thistle, the Lily, and the Rose. All three are doing fine. We are very pleased with our new officers, Ensign and Mrs. Trickey and Capt. Thistle. They are all right. The Bermudian people are taking to them fine, and we believe that they are going to be a great blessing to the people of Bermuda. Our crowds are increasing, the people are giving better attention, and best of all souls are being saved and backsliders are returning home. On Sunday night we had a beautiful meeting. The comrades came along prepared to do some fighting, and we made a desperate attack upon the strongholds of the enemy, and at the close of the battle we rejoiced over the capture of six precious souls. Since our new officers have taken command twenty-six souls have knelt at our penitent form, some for conversion, others for salvation. To God we give all the glory.



Ensign Andrews and Lieut. McLean, with the Soldiers and Converts of St. John Hill, N.B. taken before the Farewell of Officers.

LETHBRIDGE, ALTA. Captain Sam Davey, our G. B. M. Agent, gave us four days' special meetings.

God's power was felt. The Captain is a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He once served under King Edward, and fought loyally for his country. Now he serves under the King of kings and Lord of lords. He is endeavoring to do what he can to fight the hosts of sin and capture souls for Jesus. He gave us a very interesting stereopticon service, entitled, "The Roll Call," supplemented by "Sowing the Seed," which the people appreciated very much. Good crowds attended and tickets sold well. Capt. Jas. Flaws, who has labored for God here for the past few months, farewelled on Sunday, July 1st. He goes to a new field of labor, the new colony at Tisdale, Saskatchewan, to assist Adj. McRae. The Captain was greatly loved by the soldiers of Lethbridge, also by his humble servant. The Captain is quite an old veteran, having put in ten years or more as an officer. He is badly in need of a change, as his throat has not been very strong. Both Adj. McRae and the Captain have had some experience in farming, and they will be the right men in the "right place." One soul sought the Saviour of life. To God be glory for the few we have seen coming to Him.—J. W. Piester, Lieut.

LIPPINCOTT. The closing days of Adj. and Farewell Meetings. Mrs. Habikirk's stay were blessed of God to both saint and sinner. Although much regret was expressed at the brief duration of their command, many testimonies of blessings received through their ministry came spontaneously, without the asking, from local officers, old soldiers, and young converts. God has used both the beautiful Bible lessons and the sweet songs to cheer and instruct many. Earnest hopes

were expressed for the renewal of their health for future service. Souls have come to Jesus during nearly every week-end's meetings, and at one of the last week-night meetings four surrenders were made. It is believed much good has been accomplished also through the Sunday afternoon park meetings. An enrolment of three new soldiers under the flag took place at their last meeting, while at the close of Sunday evening's service three couples of blood-and-fire soldiers desired the Adjutant to present their babes to God and the Army under the flag. It was a touching spectacle. One father (a bandsman) said he hoped his boy might grow up to be an Army officer, to which he felt himself called at one time, although he had missed his chance in that direction. Whilst the dedication was going on another soul stepped forward and gave herself to God.

MONTREAL V. The devil has been doing his very best to upset God's work, but thank God we are holding on, and through the week we have seen God's power to save, for sinners have come to God at all our every meeting. Sunday capped all. The weather was very hot, but we did not mind, for we knew that God was on our side, and He helped us to make it pretty hot for the devil. At the evening meeting we had the pleasure of having with us Capt. Owen and Lieut. Sparks, our old leaders. During the prayer meeting six precious souls sought and found salvation. Hallelujah! Making thirteen for the week. Our new leaders are Capt. Adst and Hodge. May God bless them, and give us greater victory than ever. Amen.—P. S. M. Fraser.

NORTH SYDNEY. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, Major The P. O. Staff, and Phillips, Adj. and Mrs. Carter (who, by the way, is one of North Sydney's fair daughters) together with the brass band from Glace Bay, paid us a fraternal visit to our open-air Saturday evening. After prayer by Adj. Allen, the band struck up that grand old song, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Tell you what, Mr. Editor, the Army people of that town have great reason to be proud that they have one of the finest brass bands in the Maritime Provinces. The streets of North Sydney were lined with spectators, as many of our townspeople seemed to see some familiar face of the bandsmen. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp's illustrated lecture on "My Life Story" was simply grand, and was delivered to a large crowd of interested people.—Mart.

PICTON. We have had a visit from Comings and Gings, seven Corps-Cadets and Sergeant-Major Broun, of Peterboro, who gave a special meeting in the S. A. barracks on Wednesday night, including flag drills, bar-bell drills, swimming, etc. Capt. Allen accompanied the Cadets, and sang very sweetly. The meeting was enjoyed by all. We are very sorry to lose Capt. Salter, who has been stationed here for about three months. He has worked faithfully during his stay here. We are in for victory.—Annie Moore, Corps-Cadet.

PRINCE ALBERT, SASK. Soul-saving continues and we are confident of a great work as interest is increasing steadily.

Last Monday there were good crowds in town for the circus, which did not arrive, owing to an accident, and the Army took full advantage of their opportunities by holding open-air meetings, at which the people gave \$13.60 collections. Ensign Lacey has arrived, and work on the new barracks is well under way. He is also a great help in the meetings, and is not afraid of good, hard work.—John H. Wilson, War Cry Correspondent.

POINT ST. CHARLES. The summer devil has no chance in this corps. Hallelujah! The following figures will show how the comrades turned out last Sunday, although it was very warm. Twenty-two at knee-drill; open-air, 10.30 a.m., twenty-five; afternoon, forty-six, and fifty-one for the night open-air. Our band is doing fine under the leadership of Bandsman J. H. Smith, who is a godly man. There is unity both in the band and corps, and our band believes not only in playing, but they pray, too, and are always willing to do anything to get sinners saved. Last Sunday one backslider came forward, and one on Monday night. Going to have an enrolment soon. We have now seven Corps-Cadets, and are glad to have them. We have a splendid lot of local officers, who are loyal and brave.—W. Orchard, Adj.

SPRINGHILL MINES. God's Spirit has been filling the Gap Well, working very mightily in our midst this past week. We have had the joy of seeing seven juniors kneeling for pardon, and two seniors; all good ones. Praise the dear Lord. Ensign Richards is doing good work amongst us. She is just holding on for a few weeks until our officers arrive, but we shall be sorry to part with her. The Band of Love children are looking forward for Thursday, when the I. S. S. is taking them for an outing. God bless the children. We had splendid meetings all day on Sunday, in spite of the hot weather. The band and soldiers

worked hard. On Sunday night the Y.M.C.A. Secretary spoke to us which was all appreciated very much. The band is improving very nicely under the leadership of Bandmaster Hyslop. God-bless the band boys—S. B.

ST. GEORGE'S, B.C. We have said farewell to several farewells. One of our leaders, Captain Donovan, who labored faithfully in Bermuda for two years and four months, the last six of which were spent at St. George's. She was loved by everybody, both saints and sinners alike, and we pray that she may be as great a blessing in her new field of labor as she has been to us. At the farewell meeting there was a good crowd present, and they were dealt earnestly with about their soul's welfare. On Monday our worthy D. O's, Ensign and Mrs. Hudson, who were leaving us for fresh pastures, visited us. We regret losing them very much. Since they came on the island the S. A. work has made rapid strides in every way, and the public have a stronger opinion in favor of our work. We pray that God will bless them abundantly wherever they go, and crown their labors with success. Thursday night we had Capt. Murphy with us. A most enjoyable meeting was spent. May God bless her. Through all the changes we mean to keep on fighting. Sunday we had the privilege of hearing Capt. Donovan again. Owing to the heat being laid she gave us another Sunday. Hallelujah! The meeting was well crowded, and best of all two prisoners were captured. Hallelujah! We mean to give the devil a hot time at St. George's.—M. F.

ST. JOHN'S I.L. N.F.D. On Sunday Ensign Bristow, from Provincias Headquarters, presided over the meetings. God's power was much felt, and I believe much good was done. Holiness meeting, at 11 a.m., two precious souls knelt at the mercy seat, one a sister who had been proving the way of the transgressor hard. She returned to the fold, and God forgave her. At 3 p.m. a bright, interesting free-and-easy meeting. In the salvation meeting the atmosphere was very, very warm. God was present, and after much prayer one man came to the Saviour. Hallelujah! We have just welcomed into our midst Capt. Palmer, the new school teacher, who has had quite an experience in teaching, and we have reason to believe that the school will keep up its former reputation.—A. C.

ST. JOHN III, N.B. We are again compelled to an increased roll, part with our dear Ensign Anderson and Lieut. McLean, who have worked faithfully and accomplished something for eternity. Six good soldiers have been added to the roll, and nine have been reinstated. Crowds were very low, but they have increased, and on farewell Sunday, in spite of the heavy down-pour of rain a splendid crowd gathered to listen to the parting words of the Ensign and Lieutenant. Among other improvements they have re-installed the electric light. Mr. Walter Patrick, a warm friend of the Army donating a large amount of wiring and fixtures. Thus we have gone on in spite of the devil. Many friends will give a real hearty welcome to Capt. and Mrs. Urouhart, who take charge of the old corps on Brindley St.—One of them.

SASKATOON. The comrades and officers A Happy Outing and of Saskatoon corps held their Two Open-Airs.

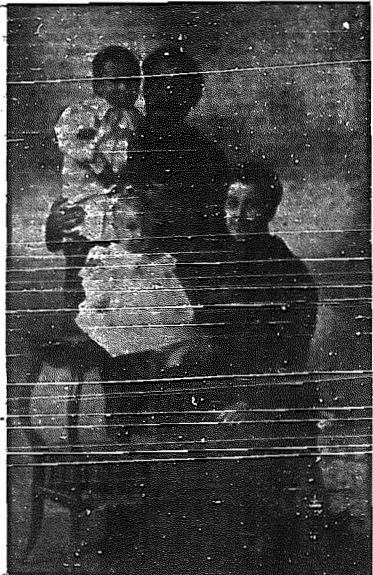
town. It was a beautiful day, and the morning passed pleasantly with games, singing, and music of guitar and violin, and a hungry party sat down about one o'clock, when dinner was spread on the grass. Later on in the afternoon the comrades gathered and we had a dance. It was good to hear so many young converts testifying to God's saving and keeping power. After tea, which we ate in the bush, we had a picture taken of the party, then we parted for home. In spite of other attractions in town, we finished up the day with a good open-air and inside meeting. God is helping us wonderfully here in Saskatoon, and we are determined more than ever to press on, and hold up Jesus to the world.—Lieut. Maude Norman, for Capt. Willey.

TWILLINGATE, N.F.D. Most of the men have been away to the Ashery, but we had many of them back with us again on Sunday. We have welcomed our new Captain to Twillingate, Capt. Foote. We also had with us on Sunday Capt. Sainsbury. We had good meetings.—A. M. A. C.

TORONTO JUNCTION. Saturday the band was called out for the first time. After a short practice played out, to the great amusement of all concerned, drawing a good crowd. Many thanks are due to the Temple and Leger Street for the use of instruments, which was much appreciated. God bless the band boys. Sunday meetings were led by Capt. Burgess and Lieut. McCaffrey. Six souls—four sinners and two backsliders. Glory to God.—Secretary.

VICTORIA, B.C. On Thursday a combined W. A. wedding and a come meeting and hallelujah wedding was conducted in the barracks on Broad St. Brigadier Smeeton was unable to be present, but sent Ensign Bloos in his place. Long before meeting time the barracks were assembled at the barracks. The perform was tastefully decorated and a white arch erected for the occasion, festooned with beautiful roses, for which Victoria is famed. While the first song was being played Ensign Bloos and the bride

party took their places on the platform. The bridegroom, Bandmaster J. MacGregor, has been connected with Victoria corps for some years, although part of the time he has fought as a soldier in the Northwest. The bride, Capt. Little Drannigan, had just arrived from the East, where she has spent many years of service, both as officer and soldier. Brother Wm. Ritchie, also an old officer, supported the groom, and Sister Mortimer was bridesmaid. The new officers, Capt. Travis and his assistant, Capt. Karna, were introduced as our leaders by Ensign Bloos. The band solemnly raised the help of Brother MacGregor, who manipulates the E flat bass, but did their best on the old wedding song, "Oh, I'm Glad I'm Ready." Capt. Travis soon made himself heartily welcome to Victoria, and there is no doubt that he will not be long in winning his way into hearts and homes here that need help and sympathy. Capt. Karna also expressed his desire and determination to do his best for God's Kingdom while permitted to remain in Victoria. The marriage ceremony was performed by Ensign Bloos. Throughout it all not one trifling word was allowed to mar the beautiful spirit of sacredness that pervades the S. A. marriage service. Brother and Sister MacGregor each gave their testimony and told of their intention to continue following Jesus and advancing His cause. Brother Ritchie, who had known the bride during her years of field work in Ontario, spoke of her sterling worth, and congratulated Victoria corps in acquiring her as a soldier. After a selection from the band Ensign Bloos spoke and brought the meeting to a close.



Capt. and Mrs. McLeod, Listowel, with their Family.

Little Gordon (three years old) often plays the drum in the open-air, and keeps splendid time.

with a promise to come and see us again. A welcome awaits him when that time comes, and we hear that the Brigadier will also be coming. Capt. Travis is arranging for special efforts on July 12th, and we trust that with God's help much will be done to extend His Kingdom while other amusements are going on.—A. E. T.

VANCOUVER, B.C. As the correspondent Four Adjutants Welcomed. is away, and you have not heard from us for some time, your humble servant thought he would send a line. On Thursday last we had the pleasure of welcoming Adj. and Mrs. Collier, who have come from Toronto to take charge of our Men's Social Work here. We also had Adj. and Mrs. Cummins, who have just completed a two-year term in Dawson, and Capt. and Mrs. Baynton, who are on their way to the frozen north. On Sunday the meetings were led all day by an old friend of ours, Adj. We had a very good time, with two souls Alward. The good God is with us and we are going in for victory. On Monday night we had an ice cream social for the benefit of the band. The social was well patronized, and we had with us Adj. Wolfe and Cadet Patience, from Seattle.—The Fighting Parson.

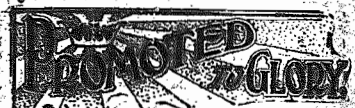
WALLACEBURG. Sunday was a day of vic-tory. Three precious souls were converted, one of which was a wonderful drunkard. We pray that God may keep them good, and make them blood-and-fire soldiers. We are having an enrolment of recruits next Sunday. Capt. Tiller is now under farewell orders. The Captain has been a great blessing to us all during his stay, and we pray that God may continue to bless him in his next appointment. We are glad

to say that Wallaceburg corps won the 5-D for this Province from a comrade in the north.

WABANA MINES. Our meetings yesterday and day were well-attended and they were interesting. At least two or three raised their hands, signifying their desire. We are to have Ensign Bristow with us next Sunday. Praise God. I shall let you know something about this wonderful Bell Island later.—J. M. W.

WINDSOR, N.S. We had Colonel Sharp and Colonel Sharp's Visit. Capt. Ritchie with us for a week-end, and God wonderfully blessed our souls. Capt. Ritchie confessed an account of himself, and what with guitar, cornet, and fiddle, we had splendid times. I believe that God's Spirit is working with those who regularly attend the meetings. On Thursday night the junior held a jubilee. They gave two drills out in the open air, and attracted a large crowd. The meetings were packed, and the children went through various drills and action songs splendidly, and did credit to Capt. Payne and Ensign Gable, who taught them.—Bro. Ralph Prof.

WINNIPEG I.L. We can truthfully report seven souls won. Staff-Capt. Coomb led the troops on all day Sunday, and we were blessed with good crowds, both inside and out. In the night meeting we had the joy and privilege of seeing seven souls kneeling at the mercy seat, and blessed be God, they did not come in vain, but proved the words of Christ to be true, when He said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." To God be all the glory.—M. Ames Irvine.



BEREAVEMENT OF CAPT. AND MRS. CALVERT.

Our comrades of the Michigan Soo, Capt. and Mrs. Calvert, have been called to pass through deep waters of loss. The Captain had just returned from attending the funeral of his sister, at his home, when a shadow crossed the threshold of his own home, and "crept slowly, day by day toward the cot which held their infant babe. No medical skill or mother's loving care could save the little life, and to-day the cot is empty and Enn Lulu is among the angels. A very touching service was held at the home, and we turned away feeling that even this short life was not lived in vain, for "are they not all ministering spirits?" War Cry readers, am I am sure, bear our comrades up to the throne of grace at this time of great need.—Kate W. Ritchie, Ensign.

"ALL WELL" WITH AGNES M. RIDEOUT.

Cott's Island.—Many changes have come to this place. On July 3rd the chariot lowered and Agnes Maude Rideout changed earth for heaven, laid down the cross for the crown. Although she suffered much, yet she felt Jesus precious. Just before she passed away, when asked for the last time how it was between her soul and God, she was able to answer all was well. We pray that God will bless the bereaved ones, especially the dear mother, and the brothers who know not yet of the sad loss.

We have had the joy of seeing seven more precious souls change ways of sin for the ways of righteousness.—Barle.

GREATER LOVE: HATH NO MAN.

I stood one day in life's early dawn beside the blue sea, And as I gazed at its magnitude the thought came back to me:

How wonderful are the works of God, compared to those of man; He knows no word "Impossible," who all things "hath" and "can." To what great heights and depths unseen He goes to please mankind! He clothes the fields with beautiful flowers, He gives sight to the blind; He gives to the birds their flight, He leads them with His hand; He sendeth rain to quench their thirst, the sun to warm the land. And, oh, how gracious was His love, to set poor sinners free, He gave His holy son to die upon Golgotha's tree. Such love as this how can we spurn? He did not die to live, He might live, Greater than this love, no man hath." 'Tis right that we should give Him in return, our very best. Would you the Saviour greet? Bring Him your heart, and life, and love, and let them at His feet. —A. D. Davis.

The great Church of St. Michael, Hamburg, with its tower and spire 486 feet high, was totally destroyed by fire on July 3rd. The tower in its fall crushed several houses, and killed four men.



WAR CRY BOOMERS. HONOR ROLL



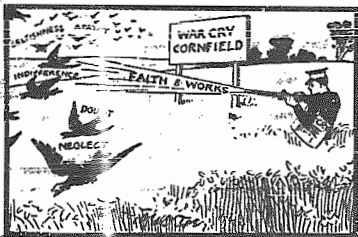
My honeys, I have come across three pretty stories, an I pass 'em on to yer wid de hope dat Jey will encourage yer to go on boomin' de Cry faster dan eber.

An unprincipled man left his wife stranded, and made off for the diamond fields of South Africa. The poor woman was very down-hearted, but determined to do her best to trace and win him back. She had an announcement made in the Missing Column of the English Cry, to the effect that she freely pardoned her husband, and invited him to return home.

One day he bought a sausage, which was duly handed over to him wrapped in a torn page of the War Cry. While he was eating, his eye fell upon that very announcement. His heart was touched, and he returned to her immediately.

In early days of Swiss warfare, amongst other Salvationists who were honored by a furlough at the State's expense, behind the bars, was Brigadier de Waterville, a lady of refinement and education. Amongst her fellow-prisoners in Basle jail was a poor forsaken girl, who admitted to the kindly heart of the Army officer that in all her life, she had never read any religious literature, except the War Cry. A picture appearing in one copy represented a poor girl who was saved from drowning herself. It had made a great impression upon her sin-laden heart. It was God's message of salvation to her.

The Crown Prince of Denmark is a regular customer of both the War Cry and Young Soldier, regularly paying tenfold its price. One day a young boomer (recruit) was out selling Crys, and not recognizing the Prince, asked him to purchase of her. He did so, and took the opportunity to enquire why she was not wearing the regulation uniform. "A soldier, said the prince, "never ought to be on duty without full uniform."



Our War Cry Hunter is Determined to Scare off All These Hungry Crows.

East Ontario Province.

49 Boomers.

P. S.-M. MULCAHY, MONTREAL I.....	250
B. S. M. Armstrong, Montreal I.....	200
Lieut. Lawrence, Sherbrooke.....	120
Capt. Phillips, Belleville.....	140
P. S.-M. Mrs. Gilbert, Smith's Falls.....	115
Capt. Thornton, Trenton, 95; Cand. Towns, Montreal, II, 85; S.-M. Rogers, Montreal IV, 85; Lieut. Torrance, Deseronto, 85; Capt. M. Davis, Cobourg, 85; Capt. O'Leary, Quebec, 75; Cand. Dyer, Belleville, 75; Mrs. King, Niagara, 60; Sergt. M. Coty, 60; Sergt. M. Massey, Kingston, 60; Sergt. Mrs. Clapp, 60; Mrs. Hutchinson, Picton, 60.	
50 and Under—Mrs. Kildes, Montreal I; Mrs. Ensign Clark, Tweed; Capt. Osmond, Ironquels; Capt. Millar, Lieut. Kamer, Carleton Place; Ensign O'Neill, Lieut. Armstrong, Ottawa II; Ensign Clark, Tweed; Capt. S. C. M. King, Niagara, 60; Sergt. M. Coty, 60; Sergt. M. Massey, Kingston, 60; Sergt. Mrs. Clapp, 60; Mrs. Hutchinson, Picton, 60.	
50 and Under—Mrs. Kildes, Montreal I; Mrs. Ensign Clark, Tweed; Capt. Osmond, Ironquels; Capt. Millar, Lieut. Kamer, Carleton Place; Ensign O'Neill, Lieut. Armstrong, Ottawa II; Ensign Clark, Tweed; Capt. S. C. M. King, Niagara, 60; Sergt. M. Coty, 60; Sergt. M. Massey, Kingston, 60; Sergt. Mrs. Clapp, 60; Mrs. Hutchinson, Picton, 60.	

West Ontario Province.

43 Boomers.

P. S.-M. Mrs. WARD, LONDON.....	250
Adj. Kendall, Brantford.....	170
Capt. Patterson, Guelph.....	160
Lieut. Whales, Hespeler.....	117
Sergt. Wimbles, Brantford.....	107
Mrs. Stratford, Stratford.....	100

Lieut. Wakefield, Dresden.....	100
Lieut. Waldruff, Tillsonburg.....	100
P. S.-M. Dickinson, St. Thomas.....	100
Capt. Horwood, 95; Lieut. Horwood, Sarnia, 90; Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, 85; Ensign LeCocq, Petrolia, 85; Capt. Ashkin, Godenich, 85; Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, 80; Lieut. Simpson, Kingsville, 80; Lieut. McWilliams, Godenich, 80; Capt. Thompson, 80; Capt. Gilbank, Galt, 80; Capt. Valsey, 75; Capt. Jones, London, 75; Capt. Crossman, Windsor, 75; Mrs. Capt. Clineam, Forest, 75; Sister Forbes, Simcoe, 70; Lieut. Dobney, Paris, 70; Capt. Duncan, Blenheim, 70; Capt. Kitchen, 65; Lieut. Cunningham, Stratford, 65; Ensign Hancock, Simcoe, 65; Sergt. Norbury, London, 65; Lieut. Herrinton, Seaford, 64; Capt. Matier, Clinton, 60; Capt. Thompson, 60; Sister Crist, Leamington, 60; Lieut. Turner, Palmerston, 60; Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Essex, 55.	
50 Copies—Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Listowel; Sister Watt, Sister Horton, Ridgeway; Sister Brabaw, Wallaceburg; Sister Capt. Goodwin, Windsor; C.-C. Nettie Laird, Essex.	

Now Ontario Division. 19 Boomers.

ADJT. HODDINOTT, ORILLIA.....	150
Nellie Richards, Lindsay.....	125
P. S.-M. Jones, Huntsville.....	120
Lieut. Challacombe, New Liskeard.....	115
Mrs. Adj. Mercer, North Bay, 76; Mrs. Beattie, Fenelon Falls, 75; Mrs. Ellsworth, Russellburg, 75; C.-C. Grey, Meaford, 65; Capt. M. Wadge, 60; Lieut. Stinson, Collingwood, 60.	
50 and Under—Lieut. Peterson, Burk's Falls; Capt. A. Jordan, Lieut. H. Johnston, P. S.-M. Miles, Barrie; Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Soc. Mich.; Sergt. Herchele, Barrie; Lieut. Lloyd, Brucebridge; Capt. Calvert, Soc. Mich., Dad. Chasney, Collingwood.	
Newfoundland Province. 12 Boomers.	
SERG. PYNN, ST. JOHN'S I.....	255
Cadet Calnes, St. John's I, 92; J. S. S.-M. Gillingham, Twillingate, 65.	
50 and Under—Cadet Fowler, St. John's II; Sergt. J. Inkpen, Burin; Sergt. Whitten, St. John's I; Cadet Inkpen, Cadet Porter, Cadet Moore, Lieut. Matthews, Cadet Tucker, Cadet Price, St. John's II.	



SALADS AND THEIR DRESSINGS.

In a new book, "The Up-to-Date Waitress," by Janet McKenzie Hill, several new salads are described. A tomato salad Du Barry sounds attractive. Peel a good sized tomato for each person to be served, cut a piece for the top, and with a teaspoon scoop out a portion of the pulp. Sprinkle inside with salt and set upside down in the refrigerator. When ready to serve fill the tomato shells with cold cooked cauliflower and set on heart leaves of lettuce. Put a tablespoonful of mayonaisse on each tomato.

For vegetables, fish, and egg salads, a cooked dressing of a sort of go-between which is neither rich, like mayonaisse, nor as simple as the plain dressing mixed at the table of olive oil, vinegar, and seasonings. It will keep a week in the ice-chest, but if beaten cream is added it must be served at once. Cream can be added to a portion of the dressing on different days, keeping the remainder in a closed jar or bottle in the ice-chest. Some people dislike olive oil, and prefer the cooked dressing to which fat is added by butter and cream instead of oil.

For one kind of cooked salad dressing, beat one egg in a bowl, add three teaspoons of cream, one-half level teaspoon of salt, a saltspoon of pepper, one tablespoon of melted butter, one teaspoon of made mustard, one level teaspoon of sugar, four tablespoons of vinegar. Set over hot water and cook until the dressing thickens; cool before using.

For cream salad dressing, beat the yolks of two eggs, add two tablespoons of melted butter, one level teaspoon each of salt, mustard, and sugar, and a saltspoon of cayenne, and a few dashes of cayenne. Set the dish over hot water and cook until thick, stirring all the time. Add while cooking, a little at a time, four tablespoons of vinegar. When thick take from the fire, cool, and add one cup of beaten cream.

Tomatoes cut up with the heart of the cucumber are delicious, so long as there is pepper enough in the dressing and on the inside of the cucumber. Red pepper may, indeed, be freely applied to cucumbers. It does not take from the flavor, and it makes them more wholesome.

Cucumbers are an important part of a fish salad that is possible only at this time of the year. Shad roe is boiled and put on the ice to cool. When it is ready to serve as a salad the skin is removed, and the roe, surrounded by alternate slices of cucumber and small tomatoes cut very thin, serves as a garniture, and counteracts the effect of the rich mayonaisse.

A delicious salad at this time of the year which is rarely eaten here at all is chikadeon. It is to be had in many of the restaurants, and foreigners eat it, out the green and white leaves appear on very few tables. Yet, served with French dressing mixed with the yellows of two hard boiled eggs, the salad is delicious and very wholesome. The leaves must, of course, be tender and not bitter, and the white hearts must be carefully cleaned.

Heart of lettuce salad with Gorenzola cheese carefully crumbled between the leaves makes a delicious, if very rich, salad when served with French dressing. Tomatoes are never better than when the insides are removed to make room for chopped up cucumbers and little onions that have not yet acquired flavor enough to assert themselves.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; behind, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Canadian Consul, Thomas H. Connors, at Albert Street, Toronto, and note: "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case of a conviction of a photo is made, which must be sent with the photo. Officers, who are required to be sent with the photo, are required to be sent with the photo. The Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

5507. STEFFEN, ROBERT CHAS. Last heard of him March, 1905, at Edmonton, Alta. Age 43. His wife is anxious to know his whereabouts, as she is in need of his help.

5508. MAYSE, ALFRED. Last heard of in Calgary. Supposed to have gone to some mining district in the west. His brother Arthur is very anxious to hear from him.

5509. MAPLE, ROBERT. Last heard of nine years ago in New Zealand. His sister, at 33 Huteson St., Montreal, is anxious to hear from him.

5510. MORGAN, ROBERT. Last heard of at Barber St., Meaford, Ont., Age 43. His sister is anxious to hear from him.

5511. SODABURG, MISS IDA. Her last address was Madison, Puget Sound, U.S.A. Her friend, Mr. Rhodes, of Waterford Bridge Road, St. John's, Nfld., would like to hear from her. American War Cry please copy.

5512. WHITE, DUNCAN GEORGE. Last heard from was in Peking, China, Age 27. Supposed to have gone to Manila about five years ago. His sister is anxious to hear from him.

(Second Insertion.)

5488. PEACOCK, JOHN. Left his home, near Clinton, twenty-four years ago. Age 49. Last heard of eleven years ago. Last known address, Sevastopol, Wisconsin. News wanted.

5494. JOHNSON, A. M. Last heard of three years ago at that time was a cutter working on the North Shore, in the lumber camps. Believed to be somewhere around Georgian Bay. Mother anxious.

5493. GIBSON, CHARLES WM. Harness maker. Left Parrsboro three years ago. Worked at Winnipeg for a while, then left for Moose Jaw. May have gone to Dawson City. Father very anxious to hear from him.

5491. HYDE, ALFRED. Age 38, fair complexion. Last known address, 444 York St., London, Ont. Sisters very anxious.

5495. WARE, G. F. S. Age 19 years and 6 months. Left Toronto on the 26th of May last, on his holidays, in company with a young man named Dingman. Supposed to have gone to Cobalt. Height 5ft. 9in., small complexion. News wanted. Father very anxious.

5487. Relatives of JAMES CONLEY, who died in the hospital at Port Simpson, Age 40, fair hair, Prospector and miner. Known in Stellarton and Rhode Island. News wanted of any friends of the above named.

5485. CLARK, ARTHUR T. When last heard from was working for the Improved Brick Co., Bountiful, Utah. News urgently sought after by friends.

5450. HAMILTON, JEWELL. Last known address, Spokane, Wash., U.S.A., in September, 1905. Supposed to have gone to Portland from there. Wife very anxious.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

THE PLACE OF COMMUNION.

Tune.—N.B.B. 111.

1 Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine, thou joy and desire of my heart;
For closer communion I pine, I long to reside where Thou art.

The pasture I languish to find where all whom their Shepherd obey
Are fed on Thy bosom reclined, and screened from the heat of the day.

Ah, show me the happiest place—the place of Thy people's abode;
Where saints in a ecstasy gaze and hang on a crucified God.

Thy love for a sinner declare, Thy passion and death on a tree;

My spirit on Calvary bear to suffer and triumph with Thee.

'Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock, there only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock, or rise to be hid in Thy breast.

'Tis there I would always abide, and never a moment depart;
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side, eternally held in Thy heart.

HEART RENEWING.

Tune.—None of Self (N.B.B. 149).

2 Lord, I come to Thee beseeching
For a heart-renewing here;
Up to Thee my hands are stretching,
After Thine my heart is reaching,
Saviour, in Thy power draw near.

Holy Spirit, come, revealing
What has hindered my success;
'Tis for light, Lord, I'm appealing,
I am here to seek Thy healing,
Thou art here to save and bless.

'Though Thy light some pain is bringing,
Thou art answering my prayer;
To Thy promises I'm clinging,
At Thy cross myself I'm flinging,
For the blood is flowing there.

THE PLACE I LOVE.

Tune.—Oh, That's the Place (N.B.B. 262).

3 Jesus is my Saviour, this I know,
He has given peace to my heart;
When my soul was burdened, filled full of woes,
Seeking from my sin a part.
Graciously He heard me when I prayed,
Drew me to His river side,
There by faith I washed, and so was saved,
His blood was there apled.

Chorus.

Oh, that's the place where I love to be.

There I came to Jesus, bound and sad,
Liberty I claimed from my sin;
Readily He gave it, and oh, so glad
Was my heart then made by Him!
Fetters which had bound me He destroyed,
Blessed is the spot to 'me
Where I knelt to thank Him, overjoyed
To find my soul was free!

THE CLEANSING RIVER.

Tune.—Shall We Gather? (N.B.B. 155).

4 Yes, there flows a wondrous river,
That can make the foulest clean;
To the soul He is the giver
Of the freedom from all sin.

Chorus.

Round us flows the cleansing river.

All who seek the cleansing river
Have their deepest needs supplied,
From all stains its waves deliver,
To the soul when they're applied.

Have you proved this precious river,
Perfect cleansing gaining there,
Losing burdens that need never
Rise again to bring you care?

OUR INTERCESSOR.

Tune.—N.B.B. 77.

5 Arise, my soul, arise, shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice on my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above for me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love, His precious blood to plead.
His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears, received on Calvary,
They pour effectual prayers, they strongly plead for me:

"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

My God is reconciled, His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child, I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

THE GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

Tune.—N.B.B. 61.

6 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from my Saviour's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the cross He shed His blood
From sin to set me free.

2nd Chorus.—Oh, glorious fountain.

3rd Chorus.—His blood can make the vilest clean.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
My Saviour's love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

THE STORY OF JESUS.

7 Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard;
Tell how the angels, in chorus,
Sang as they welcomed His birth,
Glory to God in the Highest,
Peace and good tidings to earth.

Tell me the story of Jesus,
Write on my heart every word,
Tell me the story most precious,
Sweetest that ever was heard.

Fasting alone in the desert,
Tell of the days that He passed,
How for our sins He was tempted,
Yet was triumphant at last.
Tell of the years of His labor,
Tell of the sorrow He bore,
He was despised and rejected,
Homeless, afflicted and poor.

Tell of the cross where they nailed Him,
Writhing in anguish and pain,
Tell of the grave where they laid Him,
Tell how He liveth again.
Love in that story so tender
Clearer than ever I see,
Stay, let me weep while you whisper,
Love paid the ransom for me.

ADDRESSES OF OUR RESCUE HOMES.

Toronto Hospital, 25 Esther St.
Toronto Shelter (Women), 63 Farley Ave.
Toronto Shelter (Children), 916 Yonge St.
London, Ont., Riverview Ave.
Hamilton, 13 Mountain Ave. W.
Ottawa, 348 Daly Ave.
Montreal, Que., 460 St. Jacques St.
Montreal Women's Shelter, 69 1/2 St. Antoine St.
St. John, N.B., 36 St. James St.
Halifax, N.S., 45 Gottingen St.
St. John's, Nfld., 28 Crook St.
Winnipeg, Man., Grace Hospital, 486 Young St.
Calgary, N.W.T.
Vancouver, B.C., 1834 Pender St.
Note.—No person should be sent to any Home without first having ascertained that they can be received. All communications to be addressed to the Matron.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world? If you have anyone going to or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

COMING EVENTS.

LIEUT. COLONEL PUGMIRE
will conduct a

"Baud-Sunday"... At Lisgar St., August 1.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Capt. Hurd.—Peterboro, Aug. 3-5; Manvers, Aug. 7; Outpost, Aug. 8, 9; Port Hope, Aug. 10; Coburn, Aug. 11-13; Trenton, Aug. 14, 15; Campbellford, Aug. 16, 17; Belleville, Aug. 18, 19.

Capt. Cavenier.—Gloucester, Aug. 4-6; Dundas, Aug. 7, 8; Lonsburg, Aug. 9, 10; Sydney, Aug. 11, 12; North Sydney, Aug. 13, 14; Sydney Mines, Aug. 15-17; Inverness, Aug. 18, 19.

Captain Davey.—Moose Jaw, August 1, 2, 3; Regina, Aug. 4, 5, 6; Prince Albert, Aug. 7, 8; Saskatoon, Aug. 11, 12; Regina, Aug. 13; Brandon, Aug. 14, 15; Carberry, Aug. 16, 17; Neepawa, Aug. 18, 19.

Ensign Edwards.—Dresden, August 1, 2, 3; Wallaceburg, August 6, 7; Sarnia, August 9, 10; Forest, August 10, 11, 12; Theford, August 13, 14; Petrolia, August 15, 16; Stratford, August 17-19; Stratford, August 21, 22; Sarnia, August 23; Clinton, August 24-26; Goderich, August 27, 28; Wingham, August 29, 30; Listowel, August 31, Sept. 1, 2; Palmarino, Sept. 3, 4; Drayton, Sept. 5, 6; Guelph, Sept. 7-9; Hespeler, Sept. 10, 11; Galt, Sept. 12, 13; Paris, Sept. 14-16; Brantford, Sept. 17, 18; Tillsonburg, Sept. 19, 20.

FIELD OFFICERS, ATTENTION!

To encourage enterprising Field Officers in getting the latest news from their corps inserted in the next issue of the War Cry, we would remind them of our special rates at which press telegrams may be sent. A quarter is charged for 100 words. Such notices will be addressed "War Cry, Toronto," and contain nothing but the actual report. See Field Officer, page 533. Monday morning is the right time to dispatch such messages. Now then, let us have something spicy.

WANTED!—STENOGRAPHERS.

There are a few vacancies at Headquarters, Toronto, for young people who are qualified shorthand and typists; also for improvers who have not become thoroughly competent. Young people of either sex, children of officers or soldiers, are at liberty to apply. Write to

The Chief Secretary,
20 Albert St., Toronto.

FOR SALE.

A sweet-toned, full-sized guitar, in good condition, with case and instruction book. Apply to the Editor.

A Handsome Offer.

S. A. TRADE COUPON FOR \$5.00
OR SAME AMOUNT IN CASH.

This splendid prize inducement is offered to Soldiers and Officers alike, all over the Dominion and Newfoundland, for each of the following:

- 1.—THE BEST CHRISTMAS STORY.
- 2.—THE BEST CHRISTMAS ARTICLE.
- 3.—THE BEST CHRISTMAS SONG SET TO A POPULAR TUNE.

All competitions for the above should reach the Editor by September 1st, and the decision, according to merit, pronounced by Headquarters will be final. Scores of our writers should enter this competition—the more the merrier.

PRAY, PONDER AND PRACTISE.

Then let us have your very best. Needless to say, the story must be true, and entirely your own composition, written on one side of the paper only.